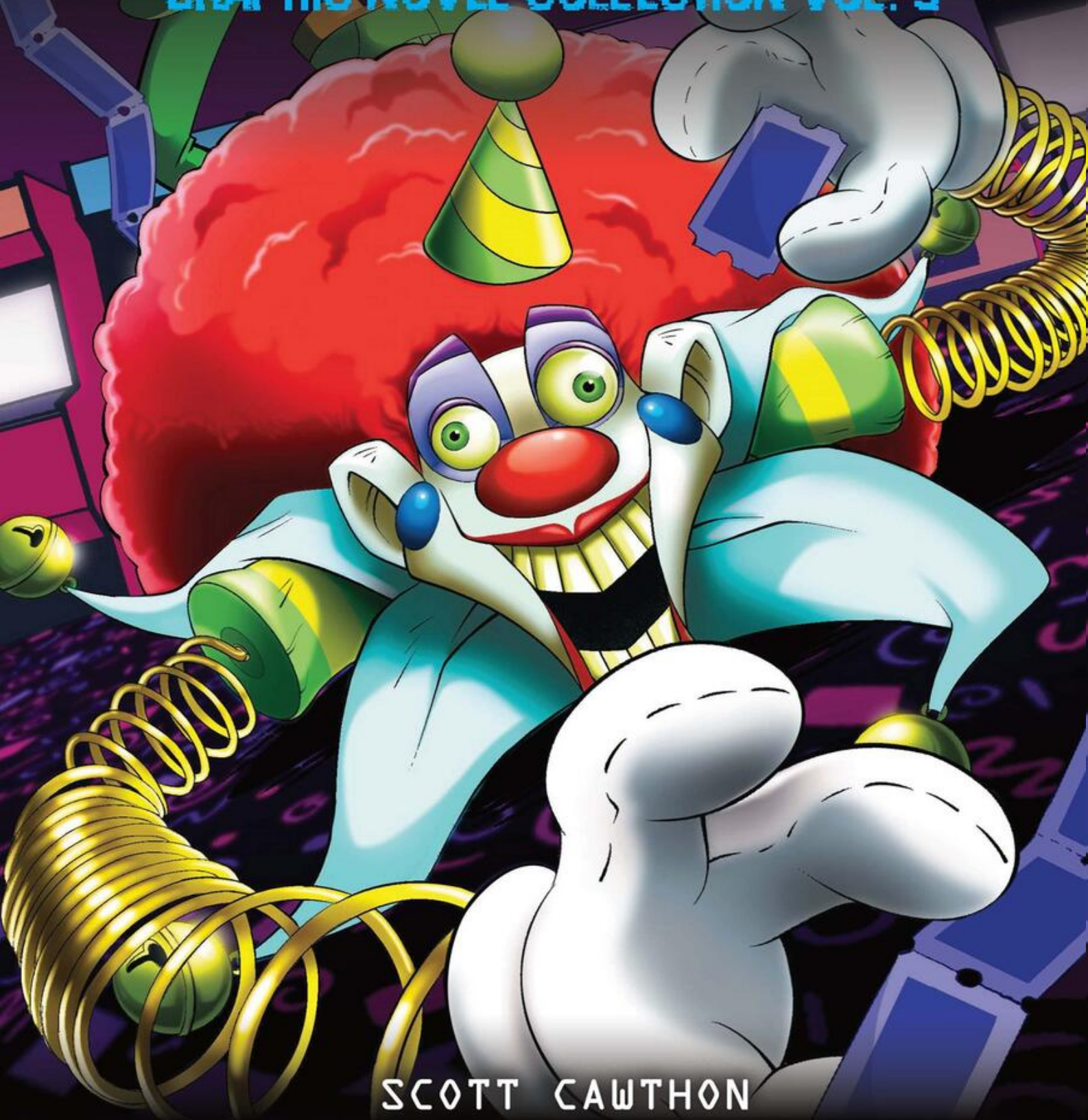


BASED ON THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING SERIES

Five Nights at Freddy's™

FAZBEAR FRIGHTS

GRAPHIC NOVEL COLLECTION VOL. 5



SCOTT CAWTHON

COOPER • WAGGENER • CAMERO • MACPHERSON • SAWYER
ADAPTED BY CHRISTOPHER HASTINGS

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GRAPHIC NOVEL COLLECTION VOL. 5

BY SCOTT CAWTHON,

ELLEY COOPER, AND ANDREA WAGGENER

ADAPTED BY CHRISTOPHER HASTINGS

JUMP FOR TICKETS

ILLUSTRATED BY DIANA CAMERO

COLORS BY JUDY LAI

SEA BONNIES

ILLUSTRATED BY CORYN MACPHERSON

COLORS BY GONZALO DUARTE

FIND PLAYER TWO!

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN SAWYER

COLORS BY EVA DE LA CRUZ

LETTERS BY TAYLOR ESPOSITO



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**JUMP FOR
TICKETS**



DID YOU JUST KILL ME? THAT WAS HARSH, DUDE!

IT WAS A MERCY KILLING, SQUEAKER.



TOO BAD YOU CAN RESPAWN.



HEY! YOU DID IT AGAIN! UNFAIR!

AND IF I HAD ANY MONEY, I COULD BUY THE NEW SYSTEM, ACTUALLY PLAY WHAT ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE MY AGE ARE ON. I WOULDN'T BE STUCK WITH THE PRESCHOOLERS HERE.



YOU SQUEAKERS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT "UNFAIR" IS.

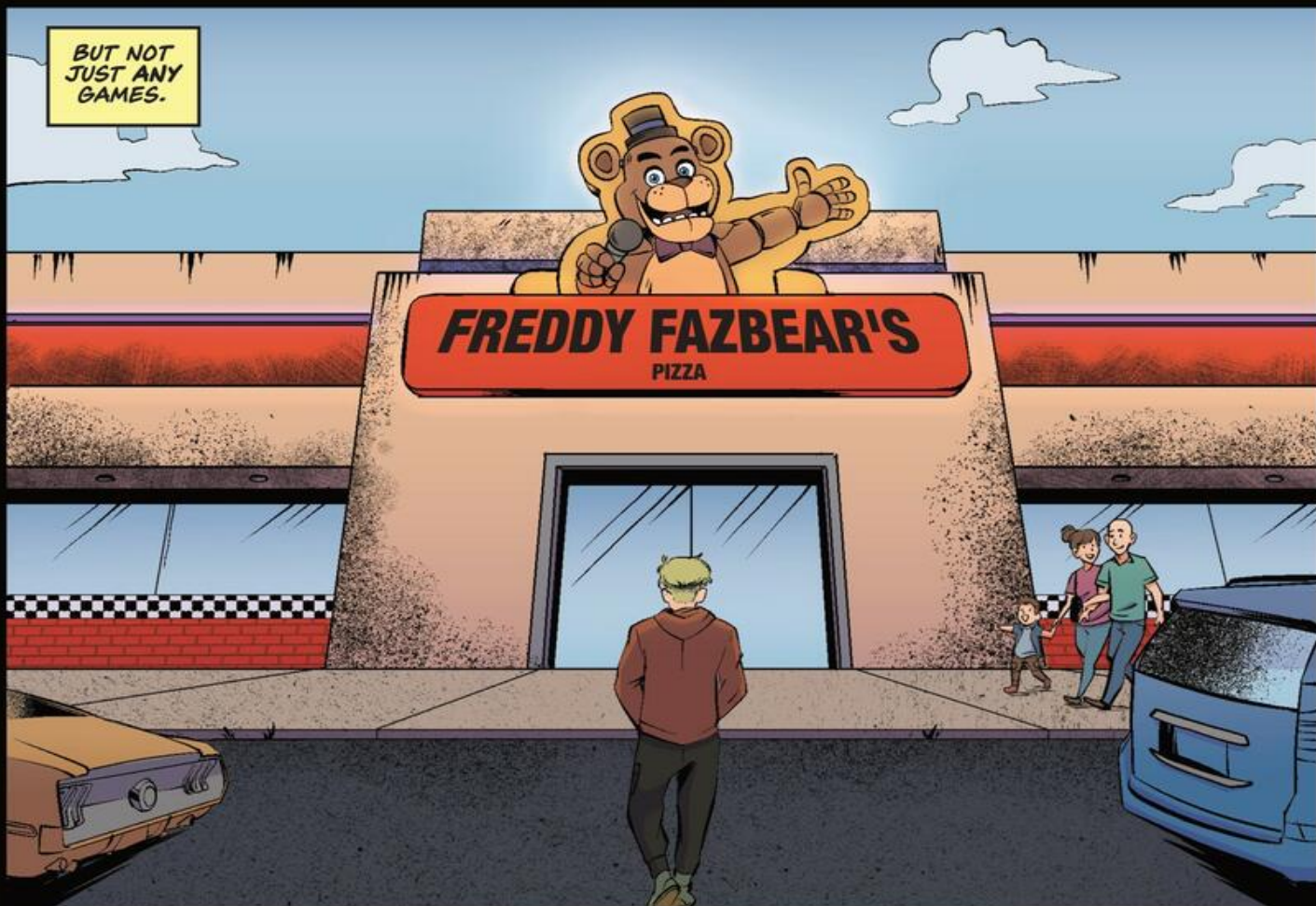
COLTON? COLTON!





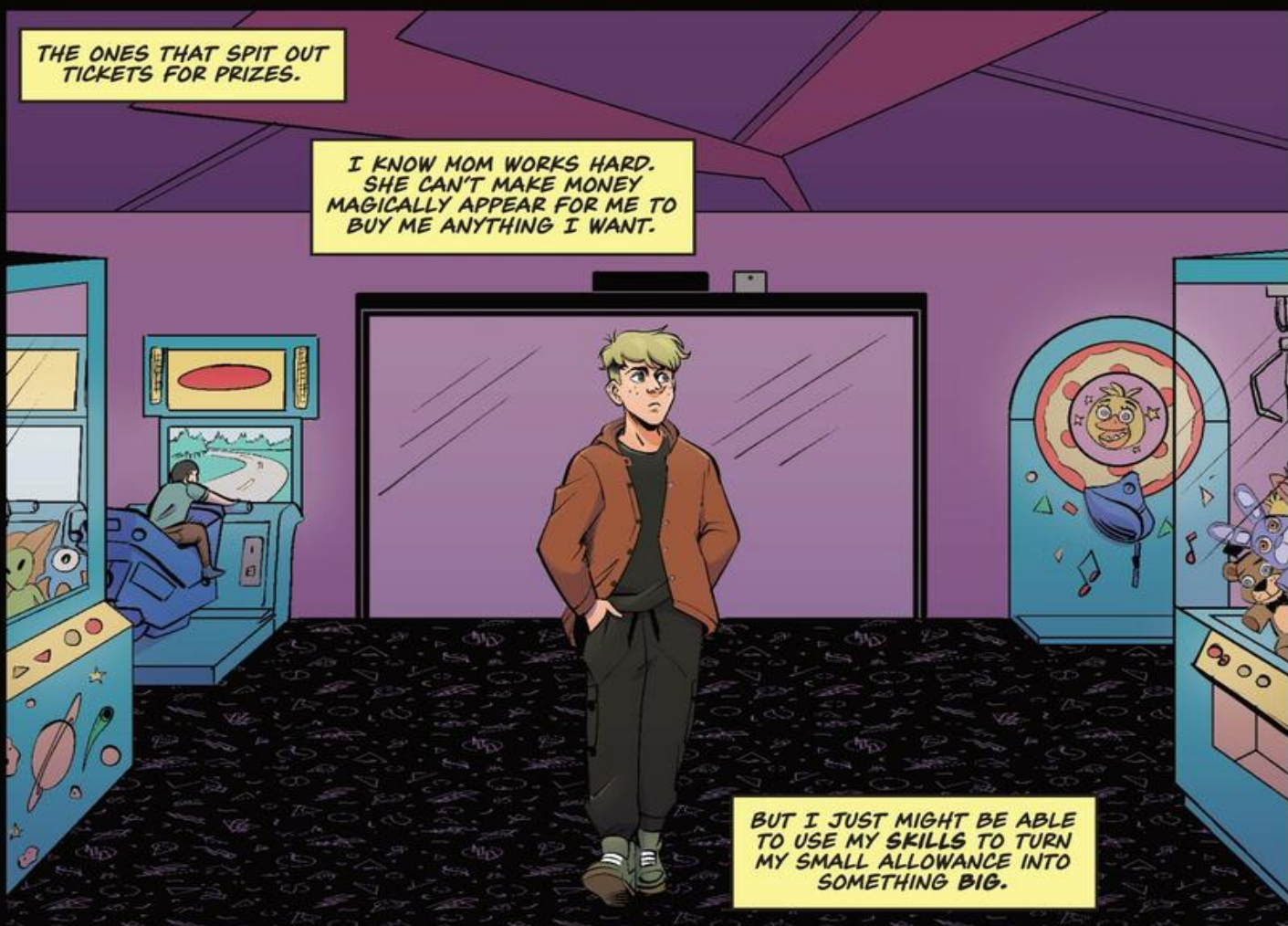
BUT NOT
JUST ANY
GAMES.

FREDDY FAZBEAR'S PIZZA



THE ONES THAT SPIT OUT
TICKETS FOR PRIZES.

I KNOW MOM WORKS HARD.
SHE CAN'T MAKE MONEY
MAGICALLY APPEAR FOR ME TO
BUY ME ANYTHING I WANT.



BUT I JUST MIGHT BE ABLE
TO USE MY SKILLS TO TURN
MY SMALL ALLOWANCE INTO
SOMETHING BIG.



I'M GOOD AT ALL OF THESE! WHEN I'M ON A ROLL, ANY ONE OF THEM WILL YIELD LONG STRINGS OF TICKETS, EACH GAME GETTING ME CLOSER TO MY GOAL.

LET'S SEE... LET'S SEE...



BUT I'M ALWAYS ON THE LOOKOUT FOR SOMETHING MORE EXCITING, A WAY TO BETTER OPTIMIZE THE RETURN ON MY TIME AND SKILL.

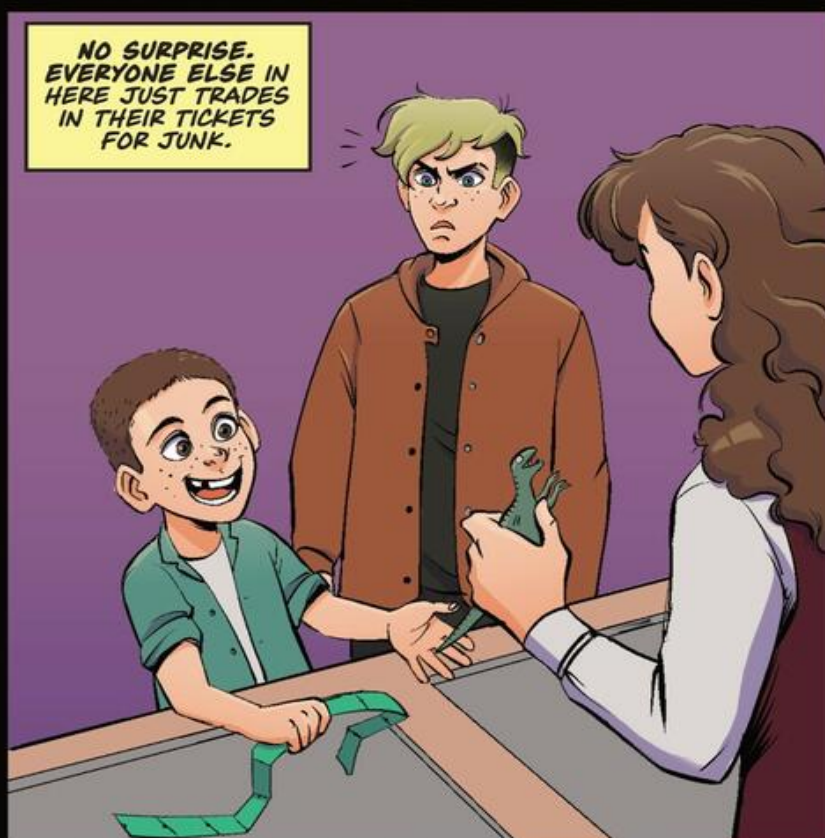
YOU'VE WON!



TEN DOLLARS IN TOKENS, PLEASE.

ANY PIZZA OR DRINKS?

IF I GET THIRSTY, I'LL JUST USE THE WATER FOUNTAIN.





COLTON!

OH NO, MY
ANNOYING LITTLE
COUSIN IS HERE.

HI,
AIDAN.



WOW, I CAN'T
BELIEVE I GET TO
GO TO A BIRTHDAY
PARTY AT FREDDY'S
AND I GET TO SEE
YOU AT THE SAME
TIME! THIS IS THE
BEST NIGHT
EVER!

FOR ONE
OF US,
MAYBE.



HA HA!

YOU'RE
FUNNY, COLTON!
HEY, LOOK HOW
MANY TICKETS I
JUST WON!

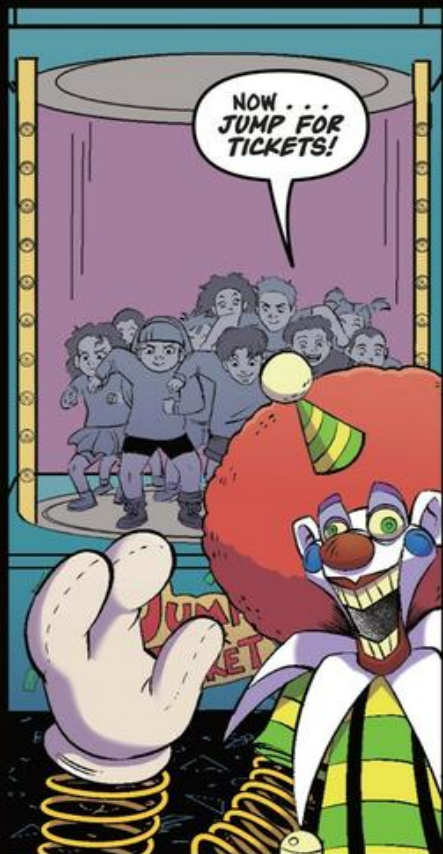


THAT IS
A LOT. WHAT
GAME ARE YOU
POSSIBLY THAT
GOOD AT?

TICKET
PULVERIZER!
DUH!









IT'S UNFAIR. ALL OF THOSE TICKETS, WASTED ON JUNK. THEY DON'T EVEN COLLECT ALL OF THE TICKETS THAT COME OUT. SOMEONE BIGGER AND SMARTER LIKE ME DESERVES THEM.



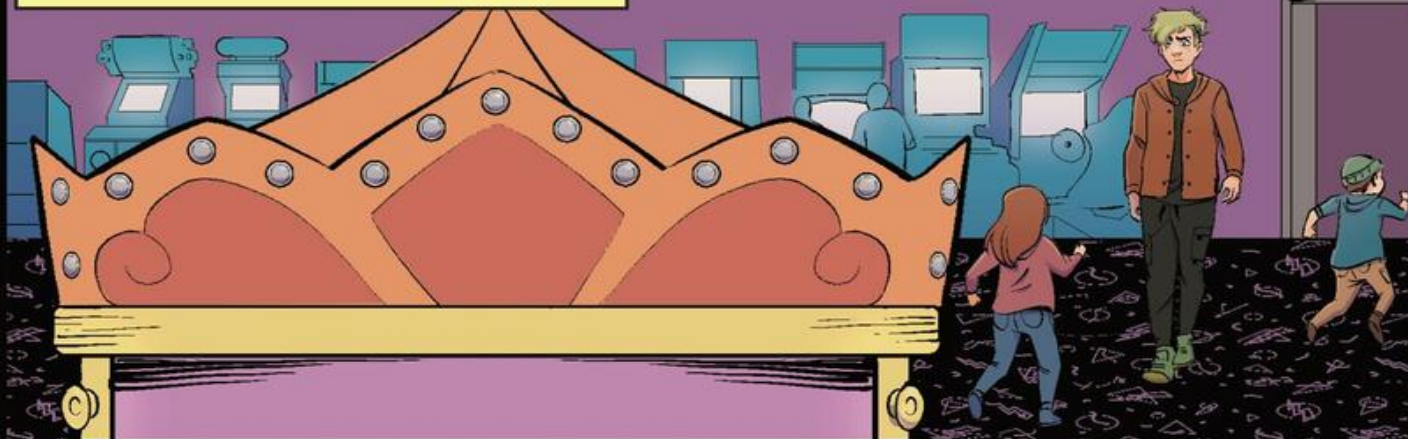
ALTHOUGH . . .



IF THE GAME IS RIGGED TO FAVOR LITTLE KIDS, WHY COULDN'T IT BE RERIGGED TO FAVOR OLDER ONES?



I'M PRETTY GOOD WITH MECHANICAL STUFF. AT LEAST MY UNCLE MIKE SAYS SO WHEN HE LETS ME HELP OUT AT HIS GARAGE.



THERE. THOSE SCREWS THAT CONNECT THE PLATFORM TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BOOTH. IF I CAN TIGHTEN THOSE, IT WILL MAKE THE PLATFORM HARDER TO PUSH DOWN.



AND THEN IT WILL WORK BETTER FOR BIGGER VISITORS INSTEAD OF SMALL ONES.

JUSTICE WILL BE SERVED, AND I'LL ONLY BE A DOZEN OR SO ROUNDS AWAY FROM GETTING ENOUGH TICKETS FOR MY GAME CONSOLE.



THE ONLY PROBLEM IS I CAN'T DO IT WHILE ANYBODY ELSE IS AROUND. I'LL HAVE TO HIDE SOMEWHERE, WAIT TILL THEY CLOSE—







THE NEXT EVENING . . .



YOU'RE NOT EATING MUCH.

SORRY. THE SPAGHETTI'S GREAT. I JUST DON'T HAVE MUCH OF AN APPETITE.



THAT'S CERTAINLY NOT LIKE YOU. YOU'RE NOT COMING DOWN WITH SOMETHING, ARE YOU?

I GUESS I DO FEEL A LITTLE TIRED.



I'M TOTALLY FINE, BUT MOM JUST GAVE ME THE PERFECT ALIBI. I'LL STAY HOME SICK.

MAYBE SKIP FREDDY'S TONIGHT. ALL THOSE GERMY LITTLE KIDS WON'T DO YOU ANY FAVORS.

TRUE. OKAY. I'LL STAY HERE.



CALL ME AT THE NURSES' STATION IF YOU NEED ANYTHING.

AIRTIGHT.





THAT'S IT.
EVERYONE'S
LEAVING. PAY NO
ATTENTION . . .



NOW!







HERE WE
GO...



STUPID! WHY DIDN'T I
BRING A FLASHLIGHT?!



MAYBE
I DON'T
NEED IT.

NO EXCUSES. TIME TO DO
WHAT I CAME HERE TO DO.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET IN
WITHOUT COMPLETELY TAKING
THE MACHINE APART.

GOOD THING THE ANIMATRONICS
ARE OFF. I DON'T NEED FREDDY
OR THAT FREAKY CLOWN CALLING
OUT FOR A BIRTHDAY PARTY TO
"JUMP FOR TICKETS."



I WAS RIGHT.
THESE SCREWS
DIRECTLY AFFECT
HOW RIGID THE
PLATFORM IS.



IT SEEMS
HARDER TO
BUDGE.

YEAH.
DEFINITELY.





I'M RUNNING OUT OF
OPTIONS. COME ON . . .



YES!



I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE
THE CHAIR BEHIND,
WHICH ISN'T IDEAL.



BUT IT'S BETTER THAN
SPENDING THE NIGHT.



NOT EXACTLY
ROOMY . . .



JINGLE

NO!

HRRGHHH!

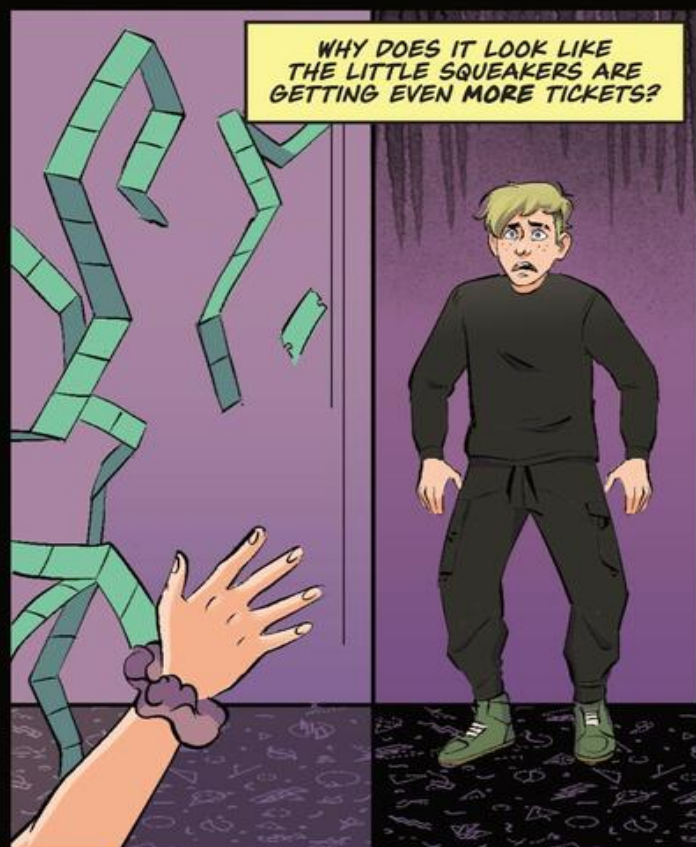




THE NEXT
DAY . . .



WHY DOES IT LOOK LIKE
THE LITTLE SQUEAKERS ARE
GETTING EVEN MORE TICKETS?



I NEED TO
SEE FOR
MYSELF.



SEE IF IT
WORKED.













I'LL SHOW HER. I'LL
SHOW THOSE DUMB
LITTLE KIDS, TOO.



SCREWING THE PLATFORM IN
TIGHTER HADN'T BEEN ENOUGH.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT
WOULDN'T BE THAT EASY.



I HAVE TO
DIG DEEPER.

DO WHATEVER
IT TAKES.



THE NEXT
DAY . . .



COLTON, YOU'VE
BEEN DRAWING
AND DRAFTING
NOTES FOR AGES.
WHAT IS IT YOU'RE
DESIGNING?



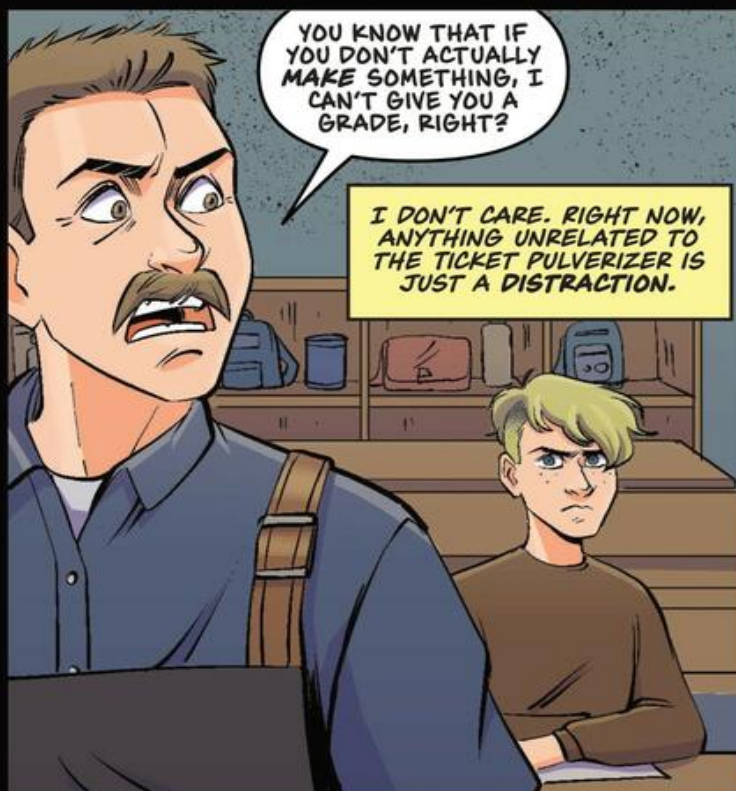
UH . . .

IT'S
MORE OF A PLAN
FOR *FIXING*
SOMETHING.



YOU KNOW THAT IF
YOU DON'T ACTUALLY
MAKE SOMETHING, I
CAN'T GIVE YOU A
GRADE, RIGHT?

I DON'T CARE. RIGHT NOW,
ANYTHING UNRELATED TO
THE TICKET PULVERIZER IS
JUST A DISTRACTION.















A comic book page with three panels. The top panel shows a young man with blonde hair and a red beanie running through a room with purple walls and blue machinery, holding a flashlight. The middle panel is a close-up of his face, looking shocked. The bottom panel shows him covering his face with his hand, looking distressed. Speech bubbles contain dialogue.

WHAT WAS THAT?!

IT COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN
THE CLOWN.

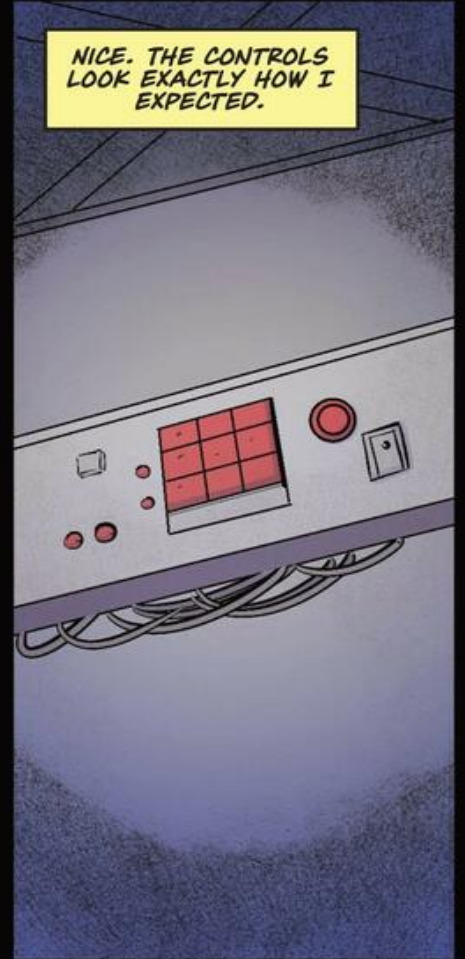
IT'S
TURNED
OFF.

IT CAN'T . . .
STALK YOU.

GET IT
TOGETHER!









THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE.
WHAT'S GOING ON?!



AT LEAST I HAVE A
DOOR BETWEEN ME
AND THAT THING.



MUST BE SOME KIND OF
GLITCH IN ITS PROGRAMMING.
LIKE IT THOUGHT I WAS A
KID IT WANTED TO PAT ON
THE SHOULDER OR
SOMETHING.

WHATEVER IT IS, I
NEED TO FOCUS. I'VE
GOTTEN TOO FAR TO
BLOW IT NOW.

JINGLE
JINGLE

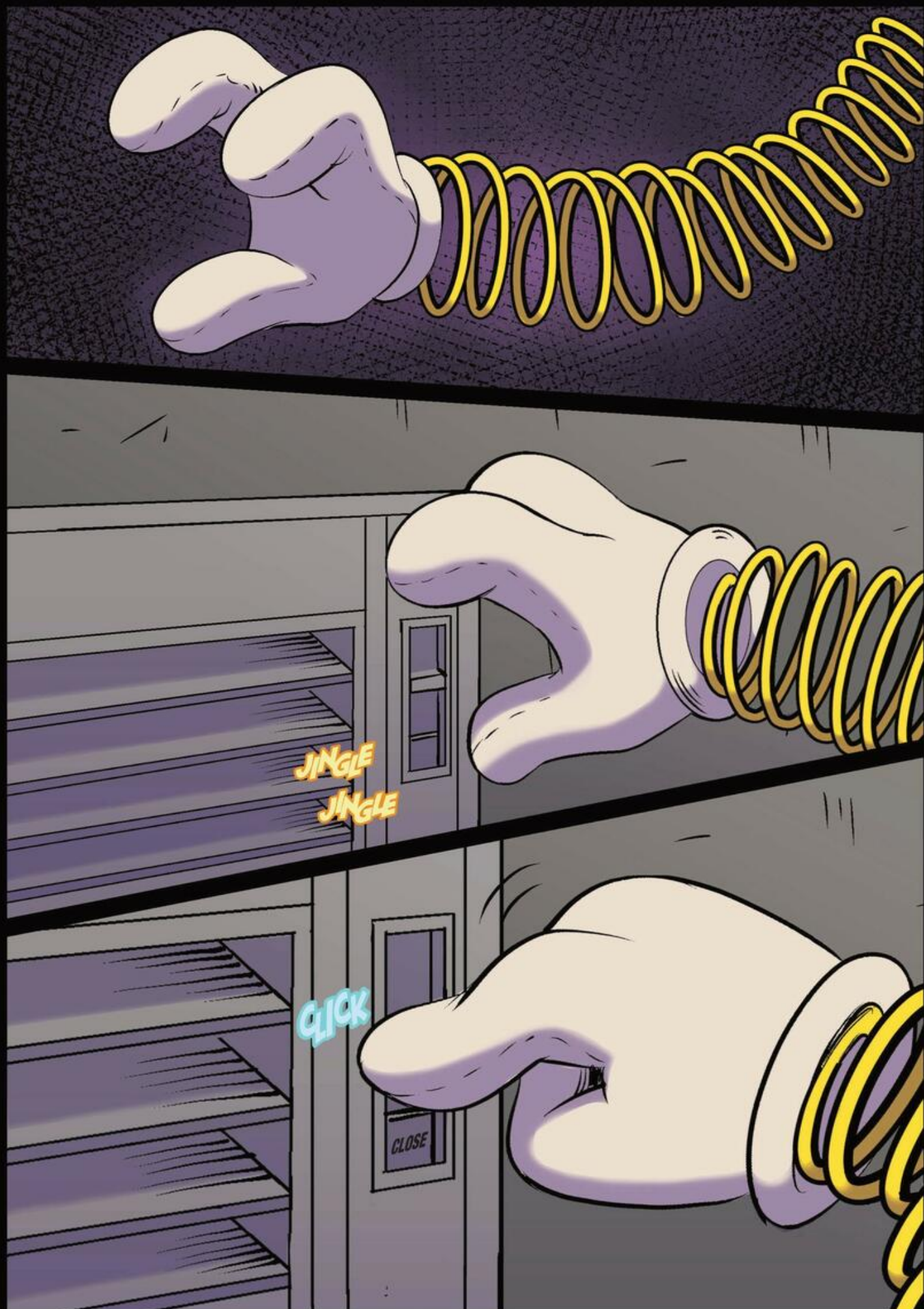


FLIP THESE SWITCHES TO
TIE THE TICKET RELEASE TO
THE SIZE OF THE BOUNCES.

THEN LOOSEN THE SCREWS
I TIGHTENED BEFORE.

LITTLE KIDS WILL GET
MORE TICKETS, SURE. BUT
BIG KIDS LIKE ME? IT'LL
BE A TICKET FLOOD.





MY WORK HERE IS
DONE. I CAN'T WAIT TO
COME BACK TOMORROW.

WHAT? WHY ISN'T
IT OPENING?

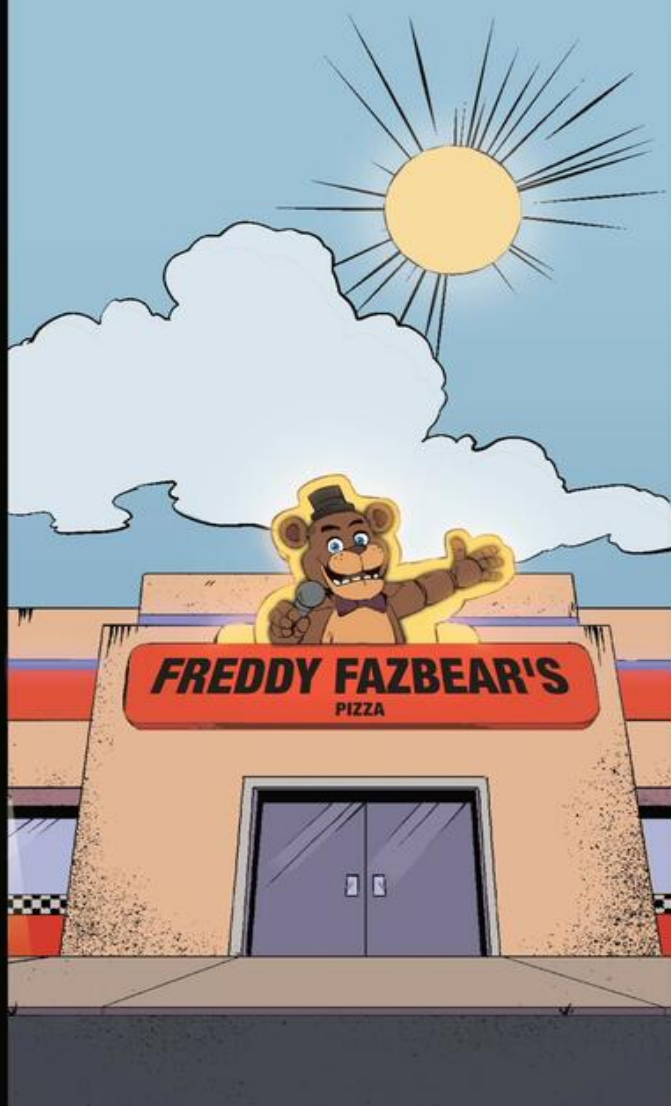
THIS CAN'T
BE RIGHT.

RAH!

BANG
BANG
BANG



THAT
MORNING . . .



IT'S FINALLY
OPEN! PEOPLE
ARE HERE!

HELP

I CAN BARELY MAKE A
SOUND FROM SCREAMING
ALL NIGHT.

PLEASE HEAR
ME, PLEASE!





NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO
HEAR ME WITH EVERYTHING
TURNED ON . . .

WHAT'S MY MOM
THINKING RIGHT
NOW?

PREPARE
FOR THE
TICKET
PULVERIZER
COUNTDOWN!

NO!











HEY, COILS,
REMEMBER ME?
I'M YOUR BUDDY
AIDAN.



DON'T BE
SAD, OKAY?
IT'S BAD TO BE
SAD. MY COUSIN
COLTON'S SAD
ALL THE TIME.



THAT'S WHY
I'M SAVING UP
MY TICKETS TO
BUY HIM A
PRESENT!

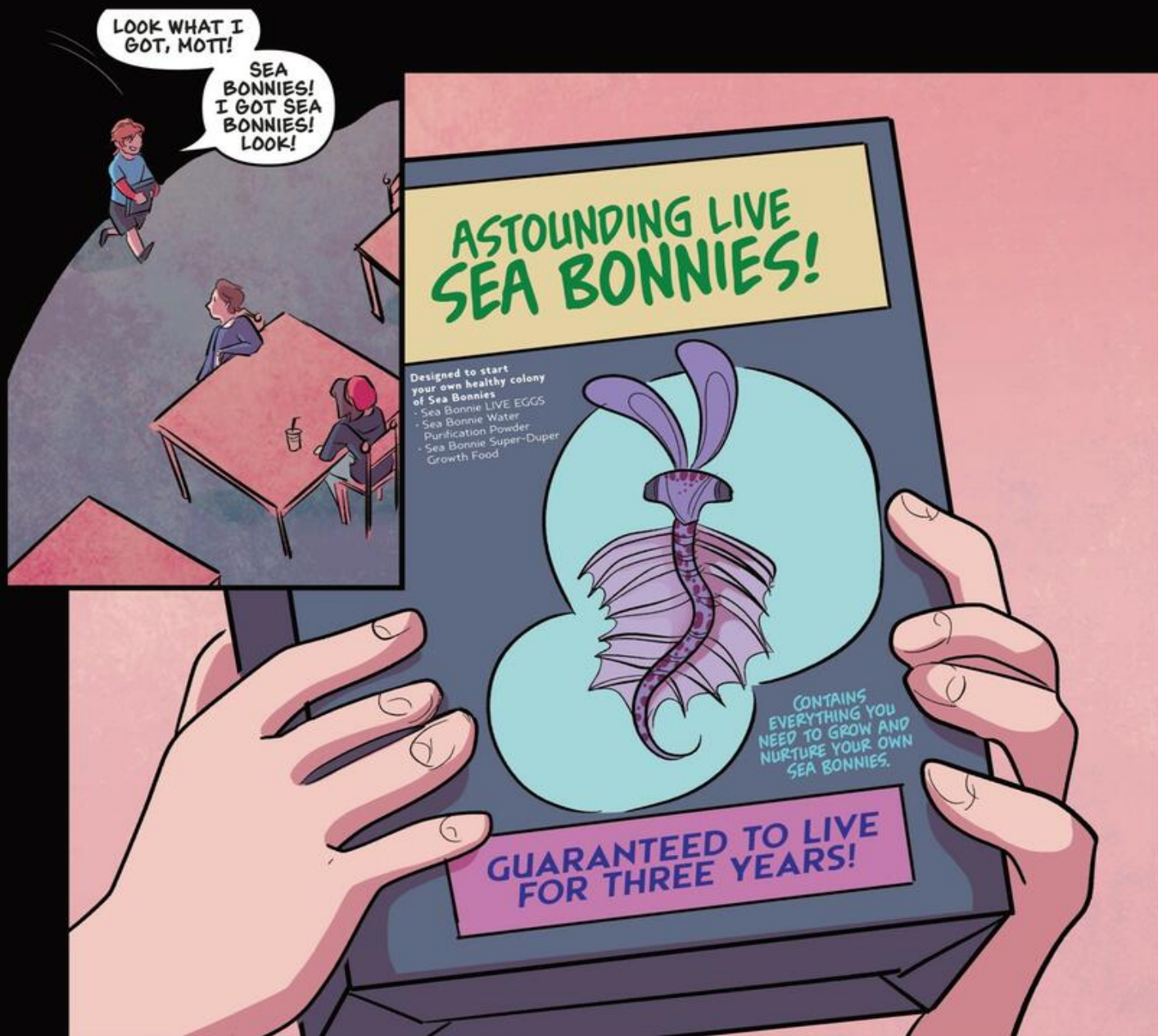


SEA BONNIES













THE NEXT DAY, AFTER SCHOOL
AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE . . .

I'VE GOT YOU
SAMPLES OF FOUR
DIFFERENT TYPES
OF ANTIBIOTICS
FOR YOUR SCIENCE
PROJECT.

THANKS,
DR. T!

I'LL BE AROUND.
LET ME KNOW IF
YOU NEED ANY
HELP.

THANKS,
DAD.

WHAT'S
NEXT?

THESE
PETRI DISHES
ARE ALL SET TO
GROW LITTLE
MICROORGANISM
COLONIES.

UNLESS THESE
ANTIBIOTICS DO
THEIR JOB . . .

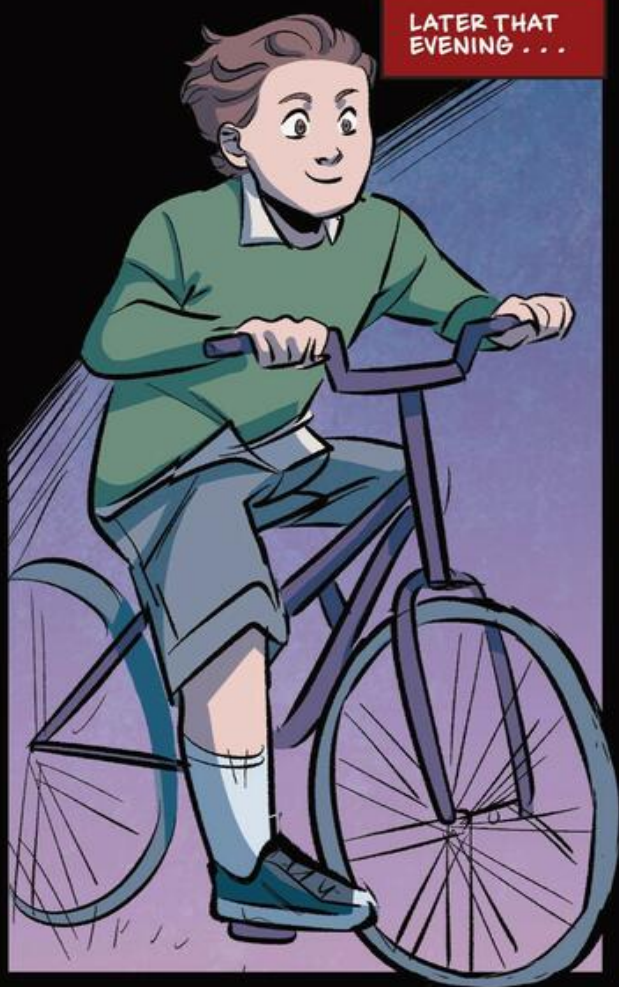
WANT TO
BET WHICH
ONE WORKS
BEST?

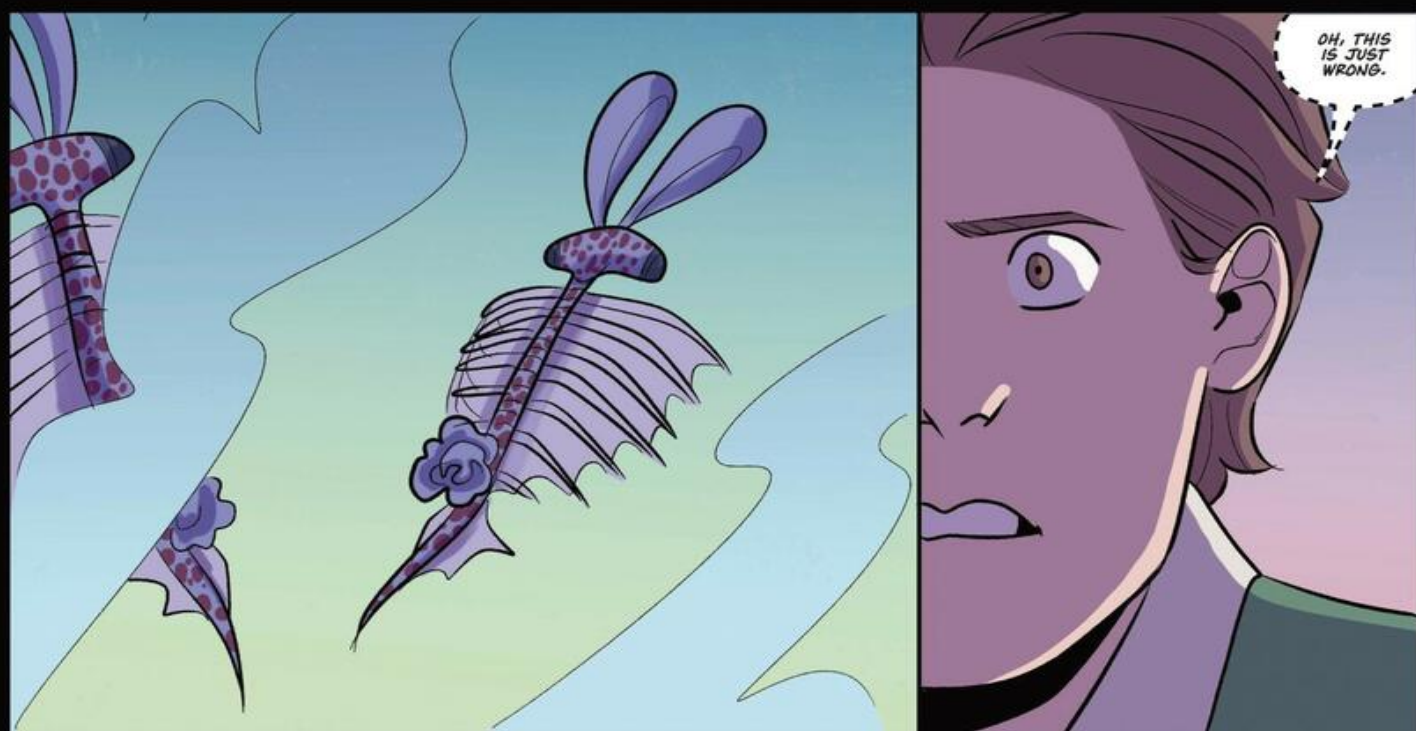
HA
HA, THAT'S
LITERALLY THE
EXPERIMENT,
MOTT.

BUT
YEAH. TWO
CHEESEBURGERS
AND A SHAKE
SAY PENICILLIN
WINS.

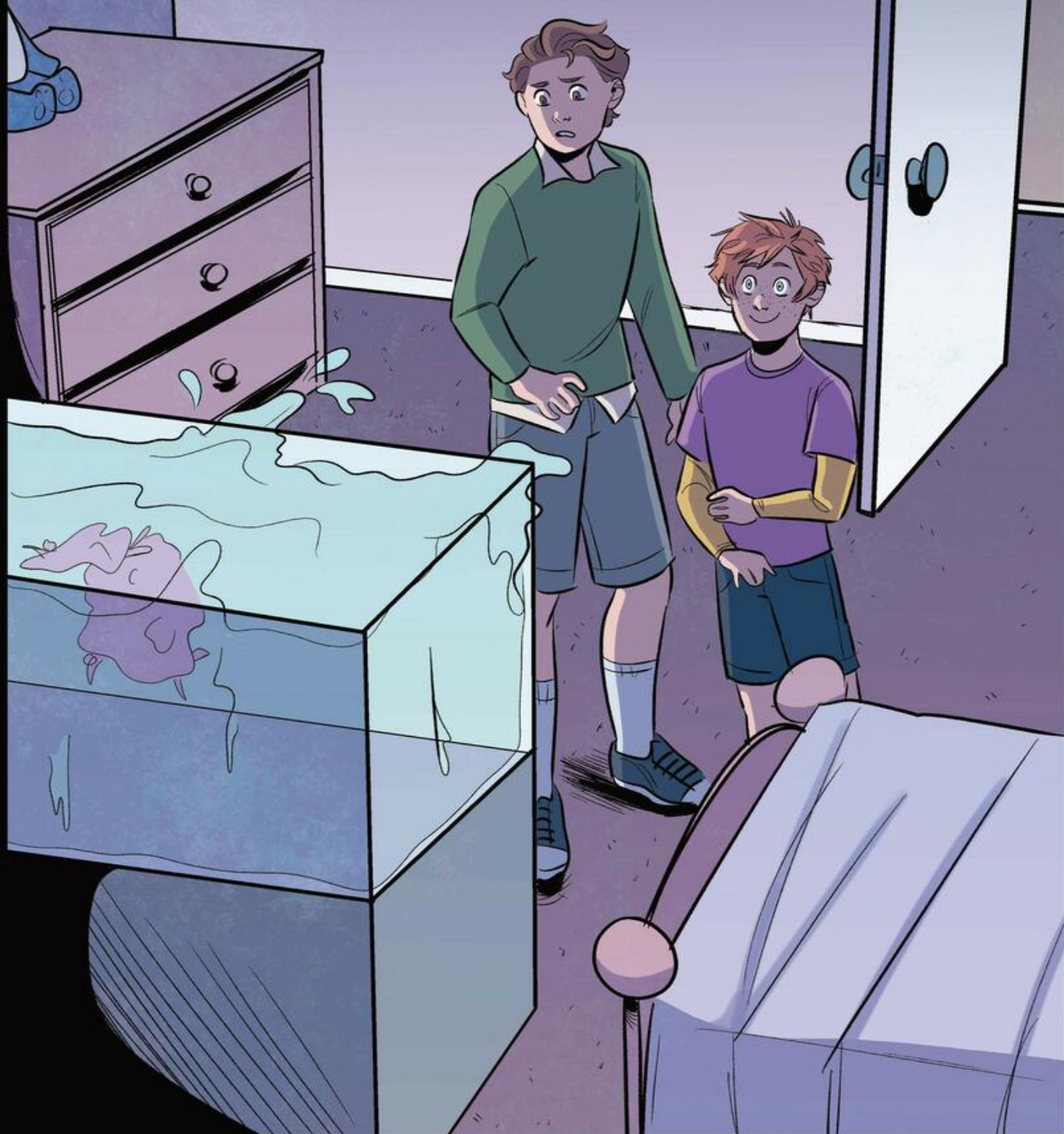
YOU'RE
ON.

LATER THAT
EVENING . . .





THAT'S GOTTA BE THE
ONLY WAY ANYONE COULD
LOVE THESE FREAKS . . .













THE NEXT MORNING . . .



WE HAVE TO GET GOING, RORY.

I CAN'T FIND MY LUCKY SOCKS! I NEED THEM!

I'M HAVING A SWING-OFF AGAINST DANNY AT RECESS! I NEED THOSE SOCKS!

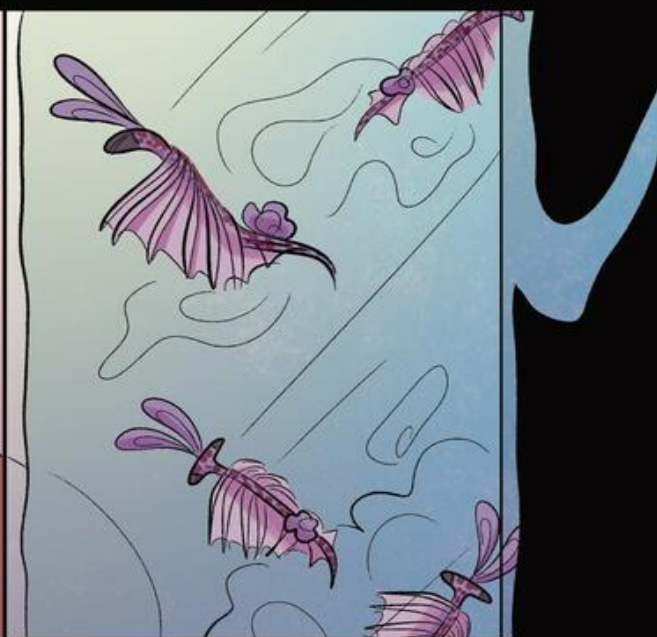
AND THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN HAVING TIME FOR ME TO PREPARE FOR TODAY'S ALGEBRA QUIZ?

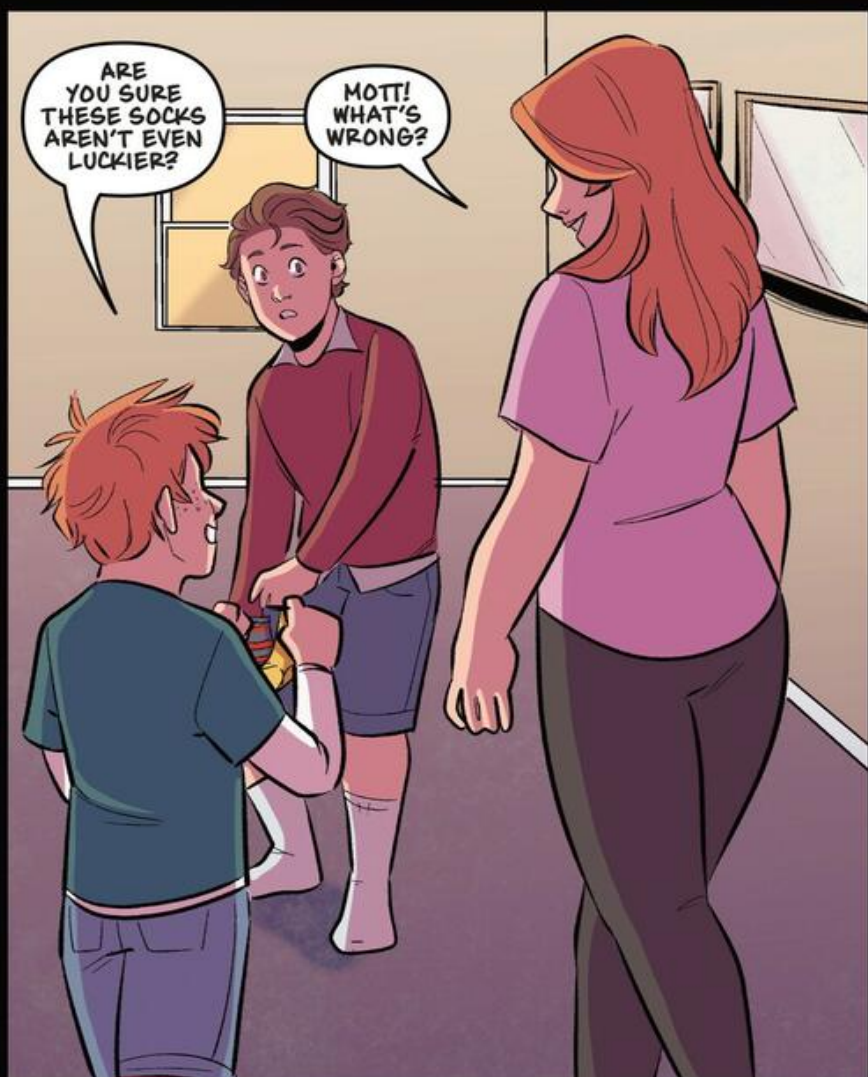
NOT TO MENTION GETTING TO TALK TO THERESA BEFORE CLASS.



AS IF A GIRL WOULD PAY ATTENTION TO YOU.



















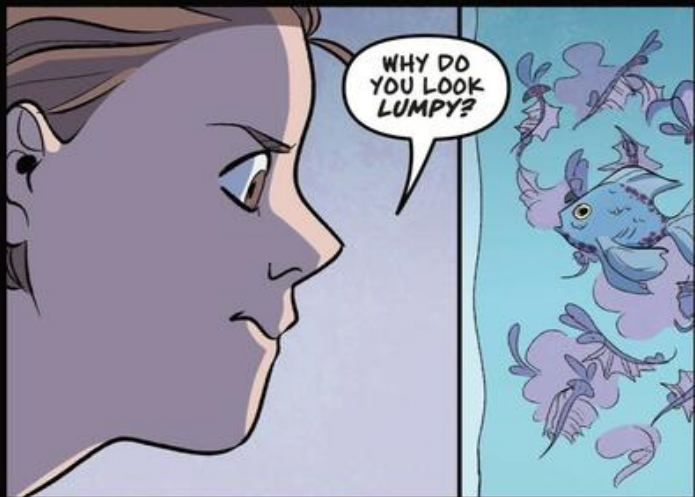




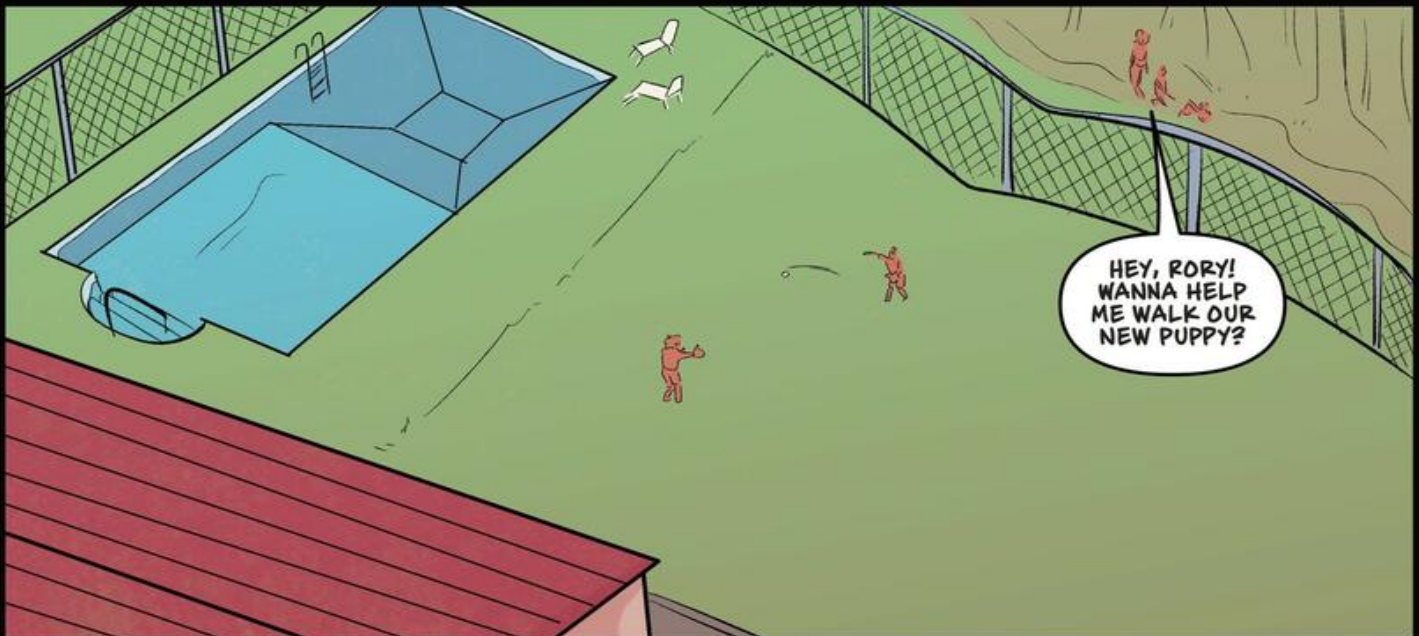




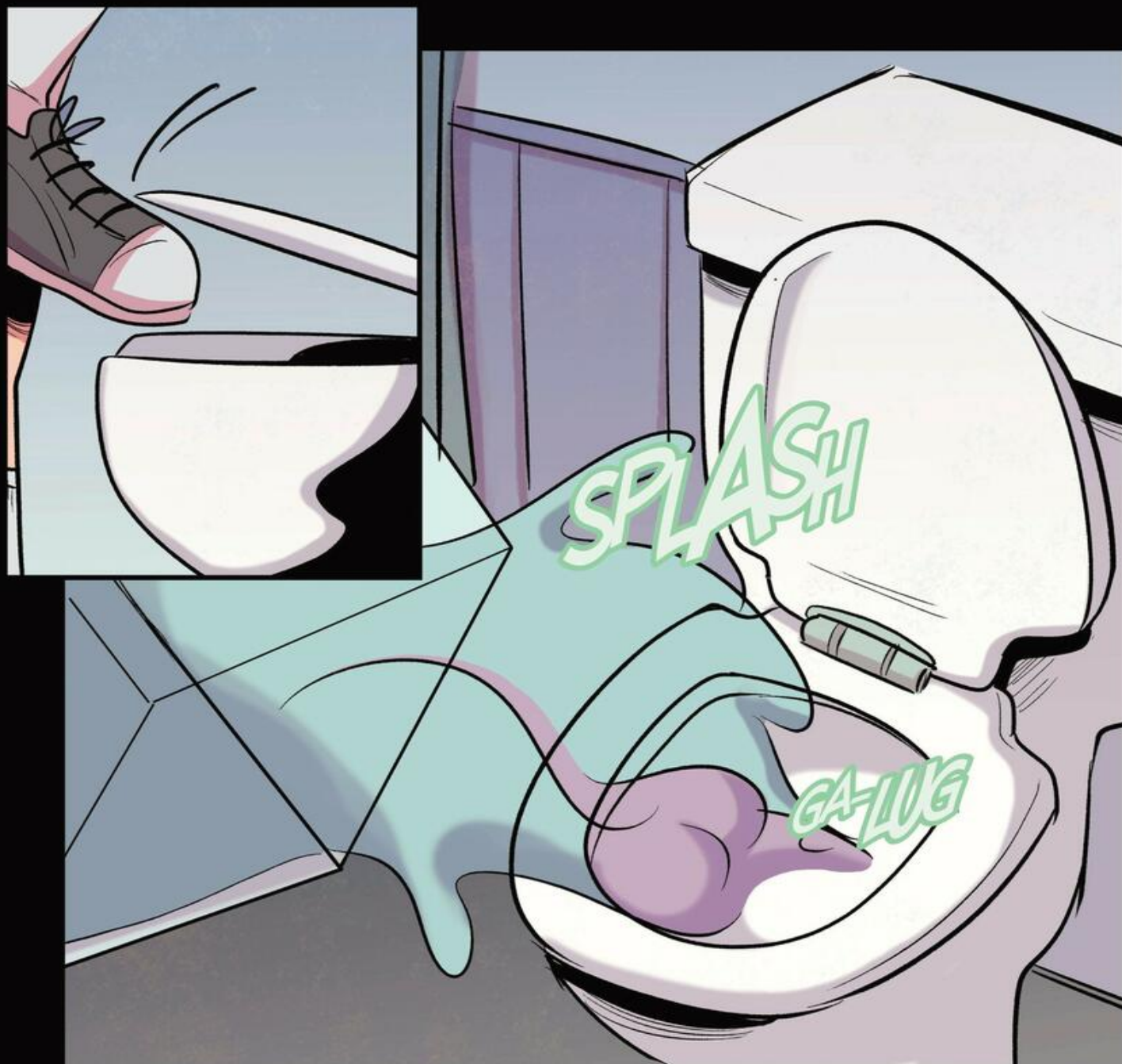


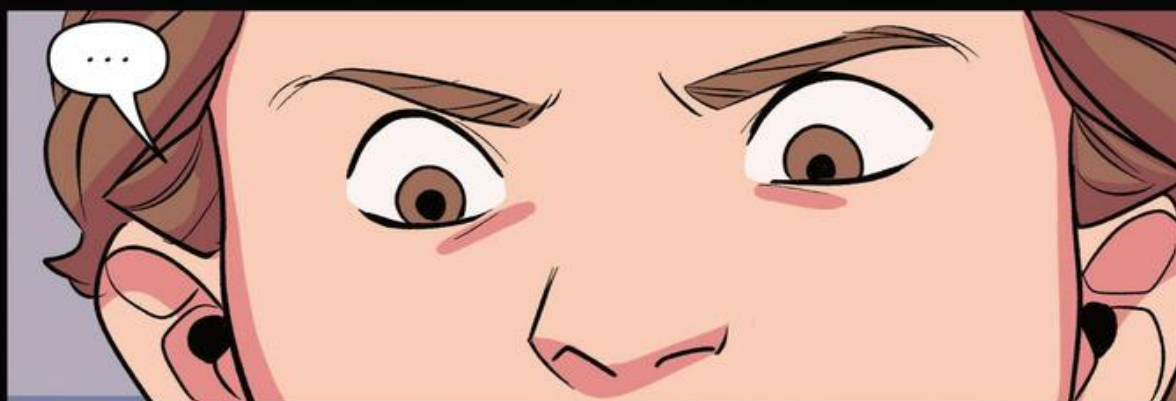












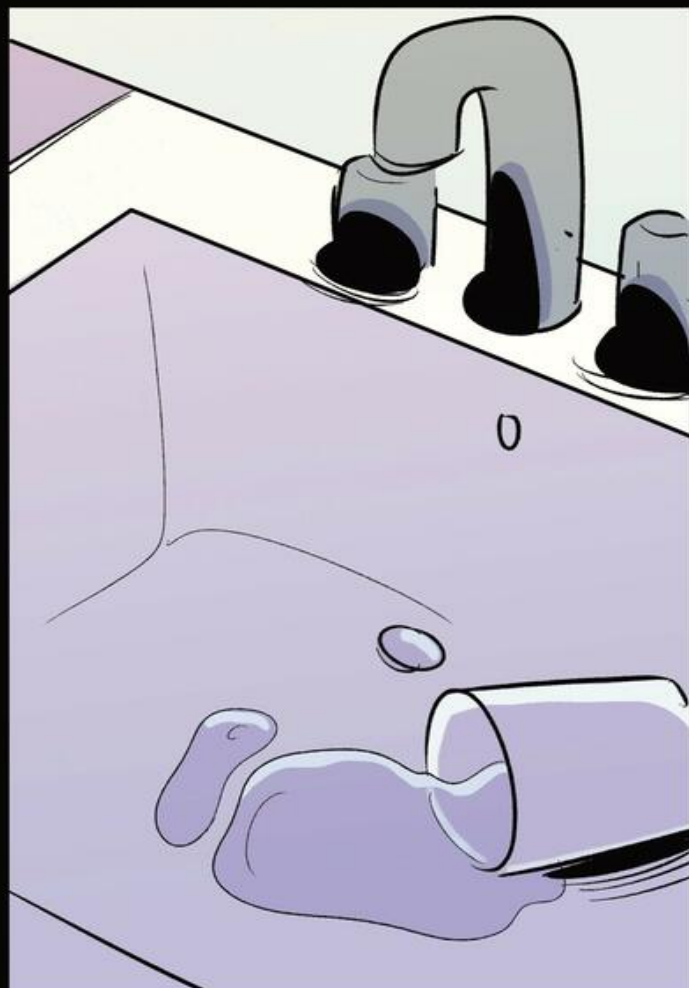




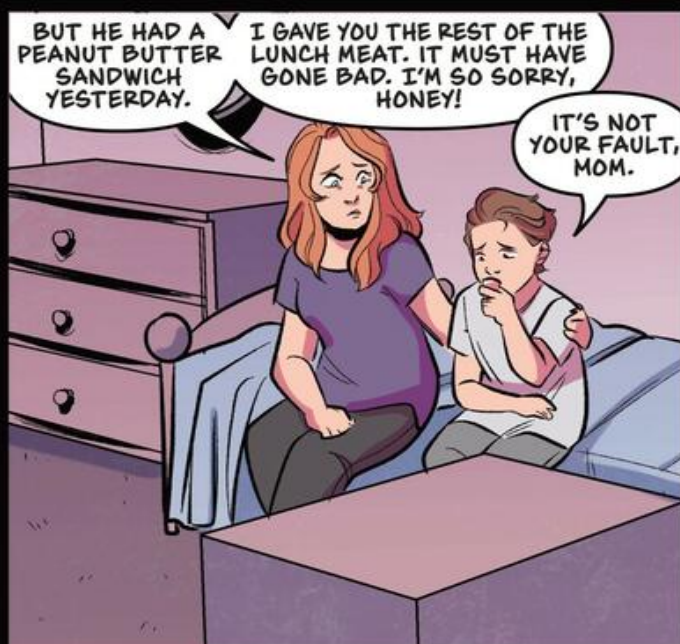


















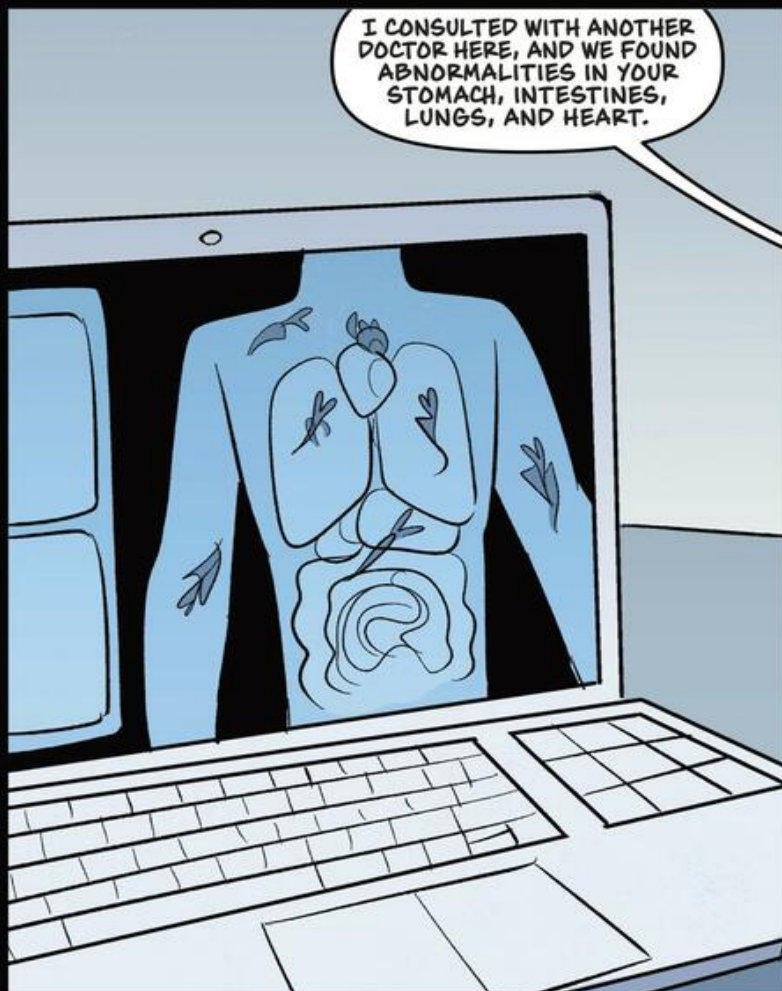
HOW ARE
YOU DOING,
MOTT?



. . . FOR
A CAT
SCAN . . .







I CONSULTED WITH ANOTHER DOCTOR HERE, AND WE FOUND ABNORMALITIES IN YOUR STOMACH, INTESTINES, LUNGS, AND HEART.



WE JUST CAN'T AGREE ON WHAT IT MIGHT BE.

HA HA HA HA!



THESE DON'T LOOK LIKE ANYTHING WE'VE SEEN BEFORE. PROBABLY AN ISSUE WITH THE SCAN ITSELF.

IT ISN'T!

DON'T WORRY, MOTT. WE'RE ALMOST DONE WITH YOU...

SINCE YOU SEEM TO BE DOING BETTER ALREADY, IT'S LIKELY YOU WERE JUST STRESSED AND DEHYDRATED.

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME, TALK TO YOUR MOM, AND WE CAN DO ANOTHER SCAN TOMORROW.

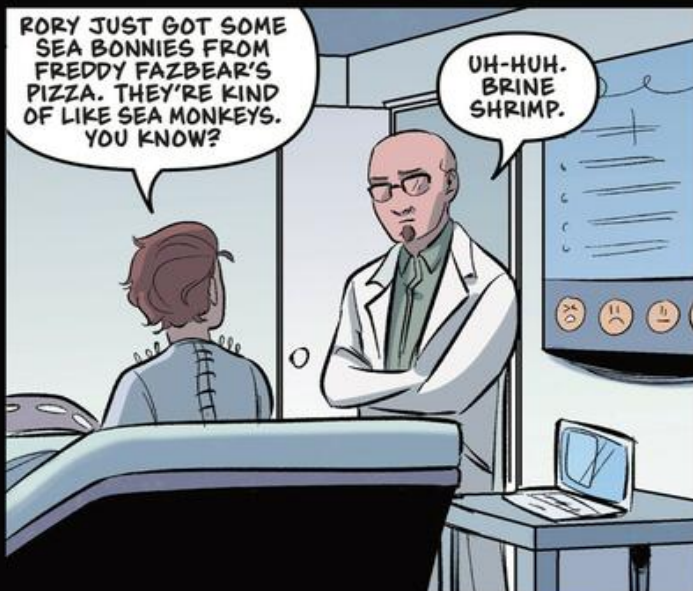


YOU DON'T HAVE TO REPEAT THE SCAN. I KNOW WHAT IT IS.



WHAT DO YOU THINK IT IS, MOTT? IS THERE SOMETHING YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME?

IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK! THE THING IS . . .

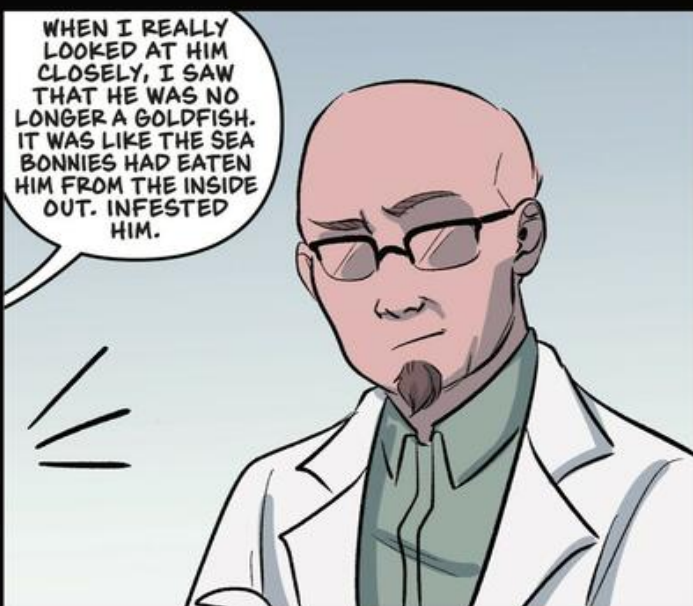


RORY JUST GOT SOME SEA BONNIES FROM FREDDY FAZBEAR'S PIZZA. THEY'RE KIND OF LIKE SEA MONKEYS. YOU KNOW?

UH-HUH. BRINE SHRIMP.



A COUPLE OF DAYS AFTER THEY HATCHED, I NOTICED THAT FRITZ, RORY'S GOLDFISH, WHO SHARED THE TANK WITH THE SEA BONNIES, DIDN'T LOOK RIGHT.



WHEN I REALLY LOOKED AT HIM CLOSELY, I SAW THAT HE WAS NO LONGER A GOLDFISH. IT WAS LIKE THE SEA BONNIES HAD EATEN HIM FROM THE INSIDE OUT. INFESTED HIM.



THAT'S WHAT MADE ME REALIZE I HAD TO GET RID OF THE THINGS, WHICH I DID. I FLUSHED THEM. AND RORY WAS ALL UPSET.

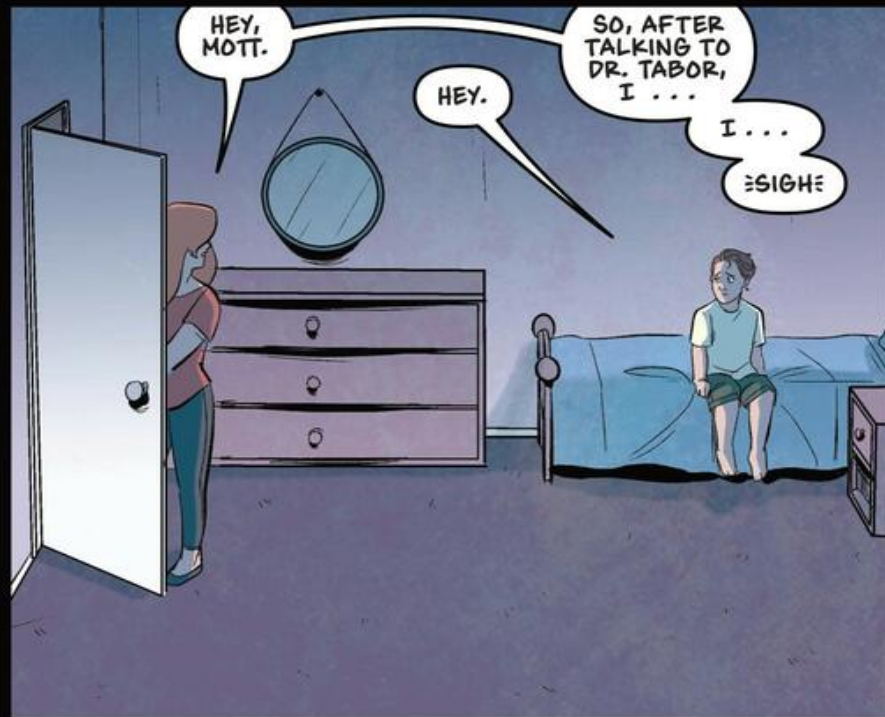
BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, I GOT A DRINK OF WATER, AND I FELT SOMETHING GO DOWN MY THROAT, AND I THINK IT WAS A BUNCH OF SEA BONNIES.

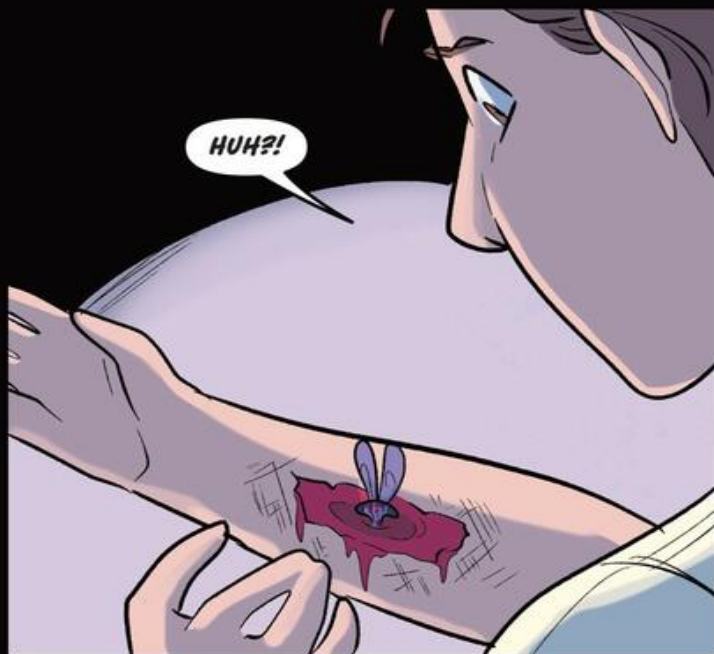
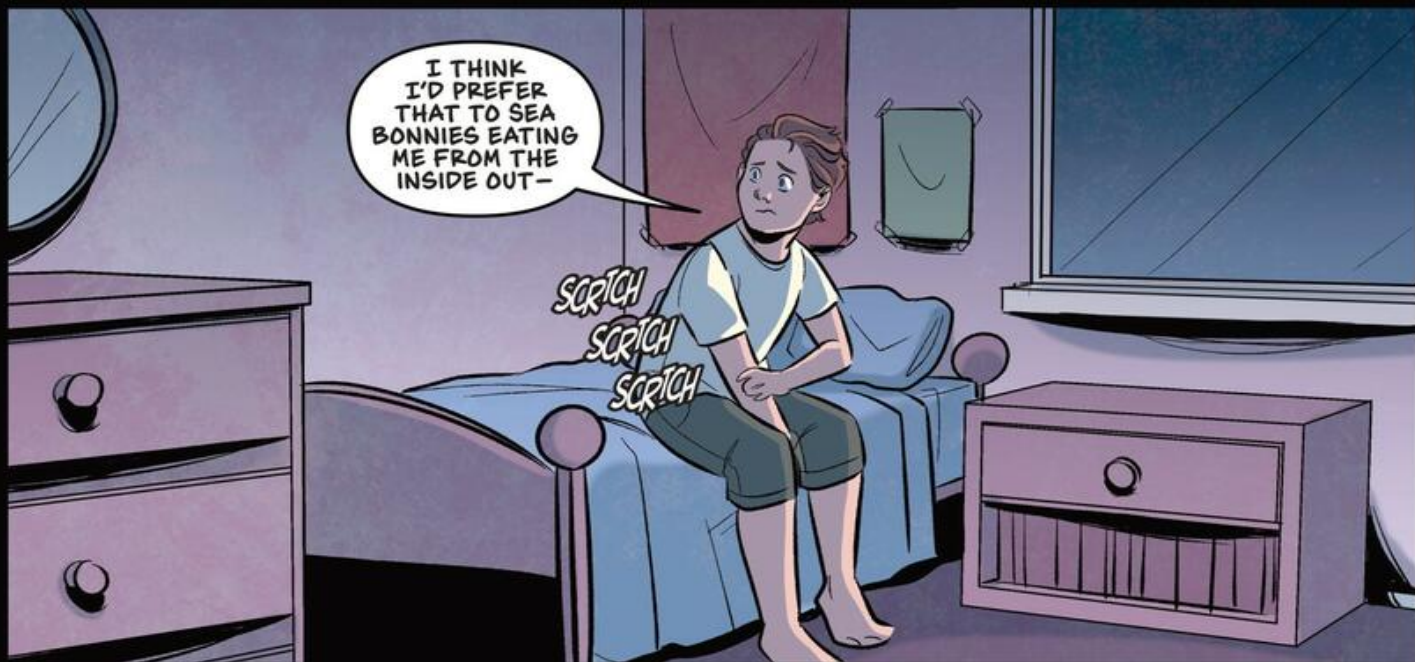
AND I THINK THEY STARTED EATING MY TISSUE, AND ARE MULTIPLYING AND NOW MY INSIDES ARE TURNING INTO SEA BONNIES, THE SAME WAY FRITZ TURNED INTO SEA BONNIES.

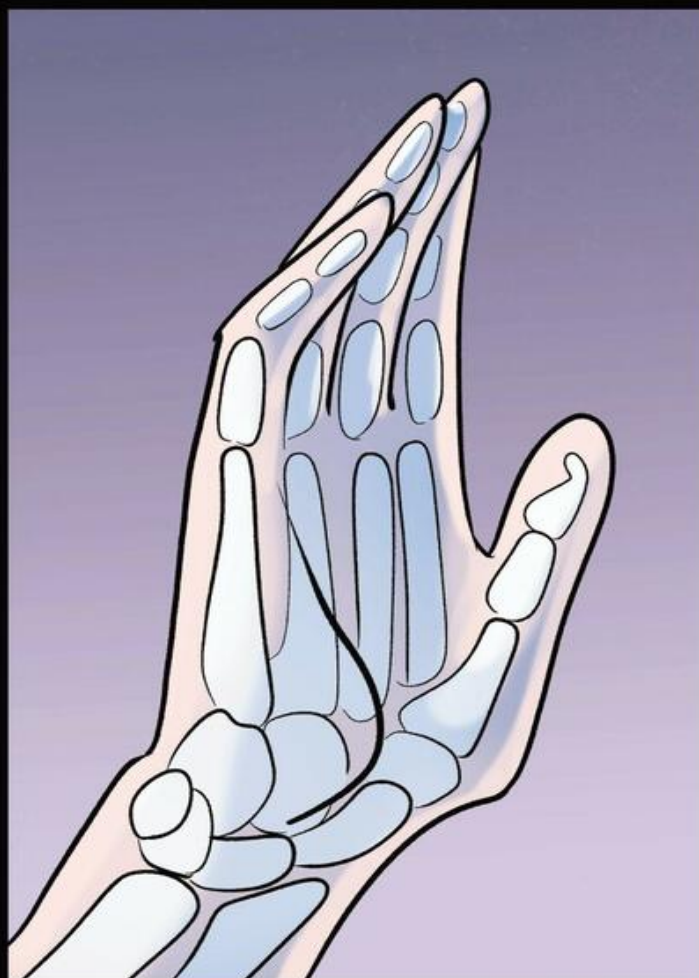
THEY'RE EATING ME FROM THE INSIDE, LIKE I'M JIGGLING FROM WITHIN, LIKE GELATIN SORT OF, BUT NOT EXACTLY.



IT'S TIME TO TALK TO YOUR MOM.

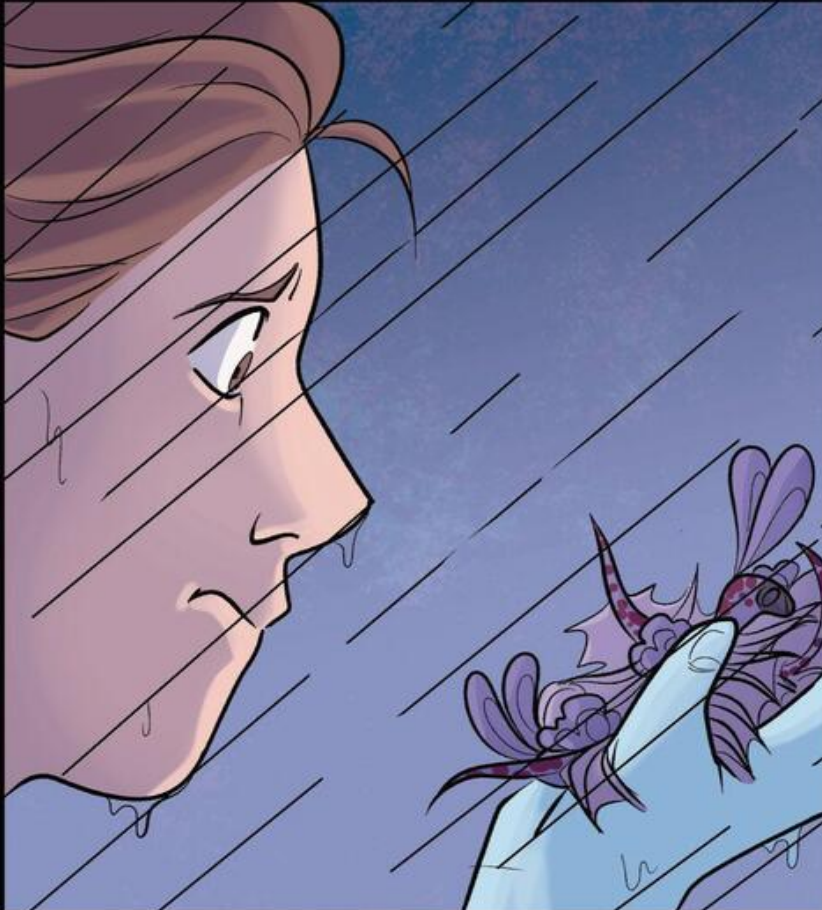


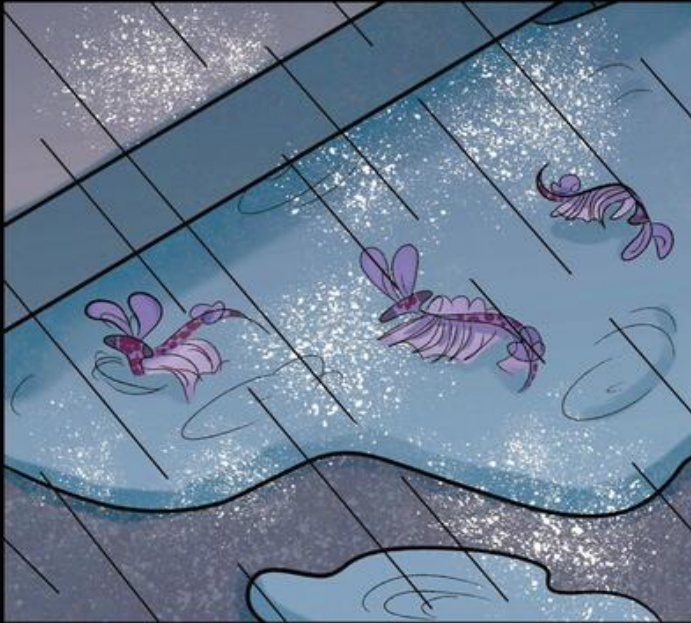


















**FIND PLAYER
TWO!**







HIDE-AND-SEEK.
EVEN WHEN IT'S
MY TURN TO
SEEK, I JUST
PARK AT ONE
END OF THE
MAZE, READ
FOR A WHILE,
AND THEN HIT
THE BUTTON TO
GIVE UP—



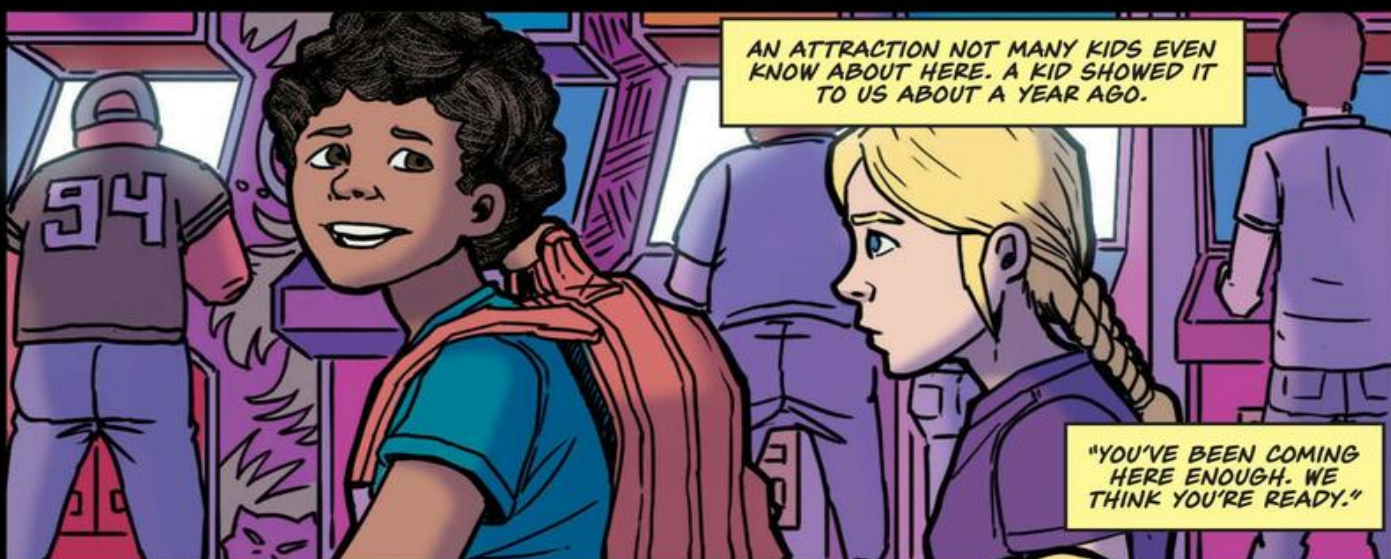




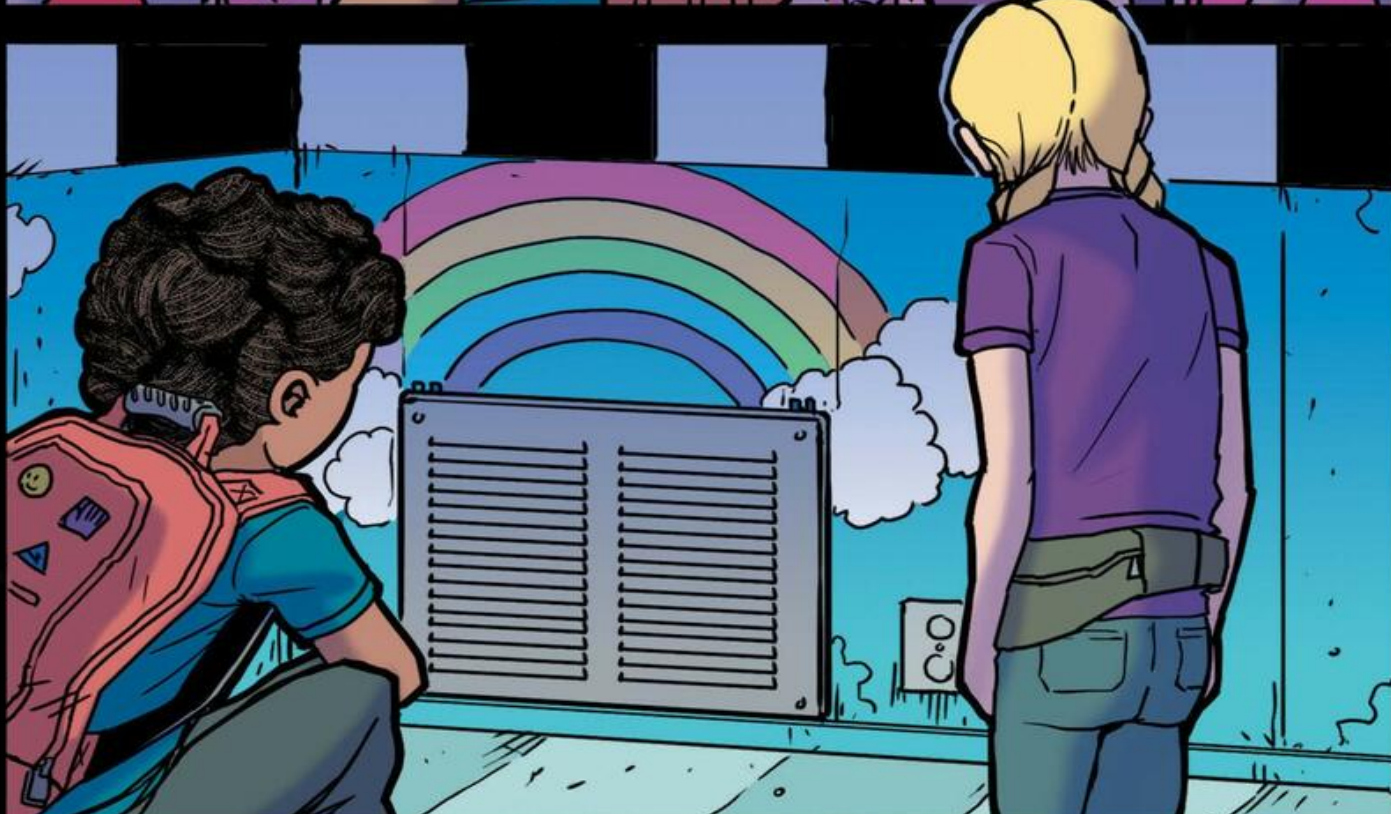
FREDDY'S AMAZING
HIDE-AND-SEEK GAME.

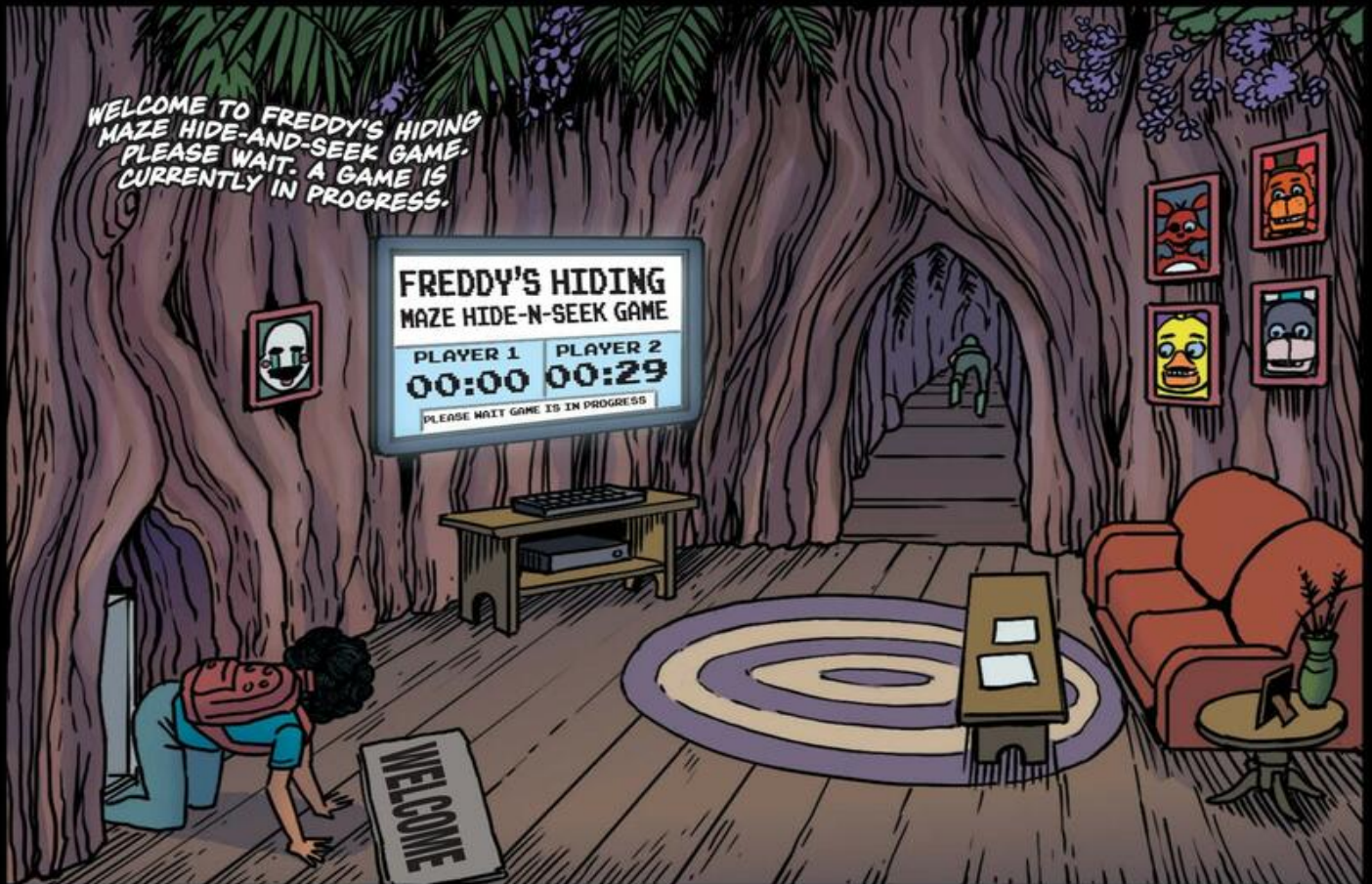


AN ATTRACTION NOT MANY KIDS EVEN
KNOW ABOUT HERE. A KID SHOWED IT
TO US ABOUT A YEAR AGO.



"YOU'VE BEEN COMING
HERE ENOUGH. WE
THINK YOU'RE READY."







HIDE-AND-SEEK. ONE
PLAYER GOES IN TO HIDE.
AND THE OTHER SEEKS.



THE HALLWAYS ARE
LINED WITH LITTLE
CUBBYHOLES . . .

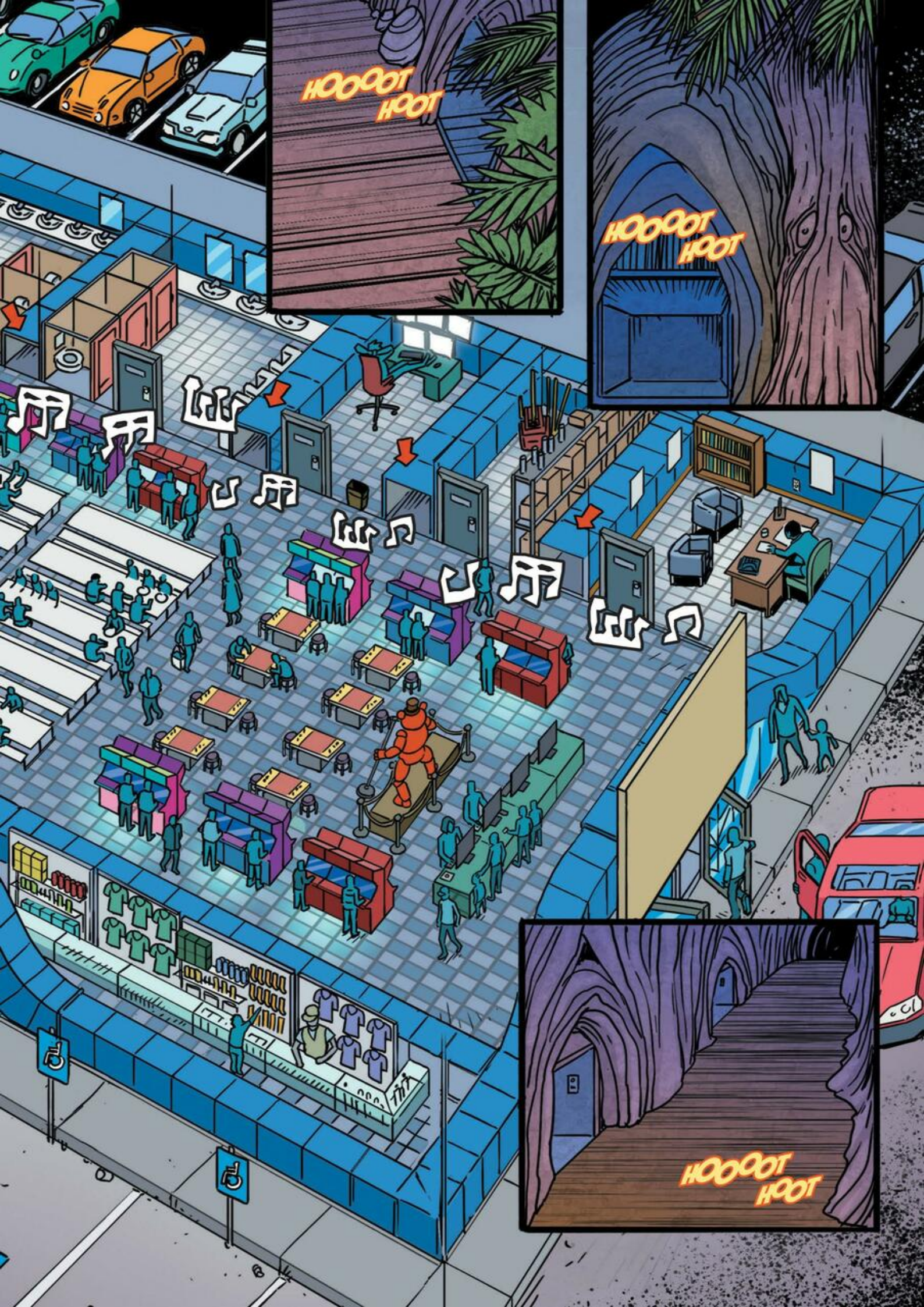
ONCE PLAYER TWO PICKS WHICH
ONE THEY WANT TO HIDE IN, THEY
PRESS A BUTTON THAT SHUTS THE
DOOR, AND THE DOORS OF ALL
THE OTHER HIDING SPOTS.

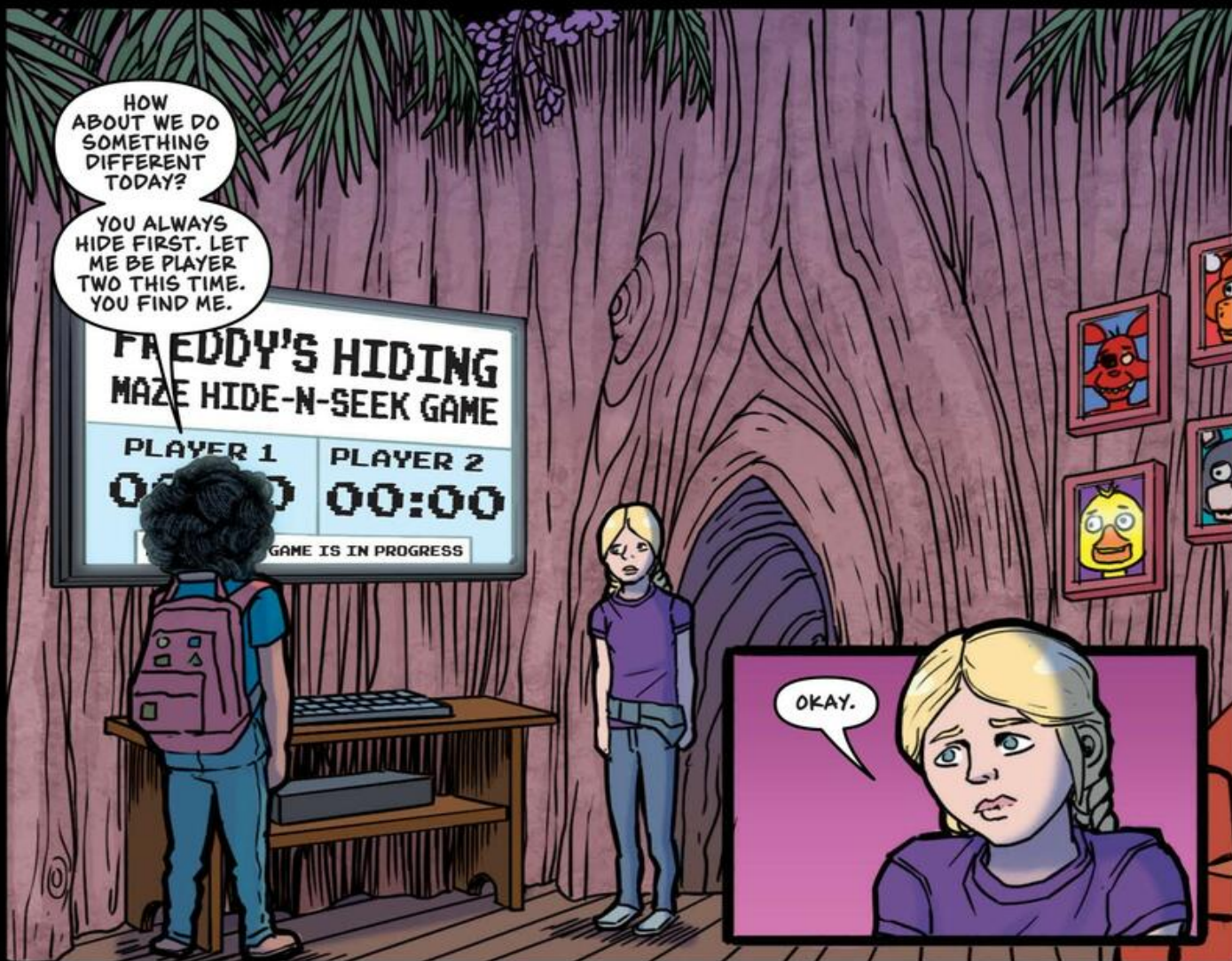


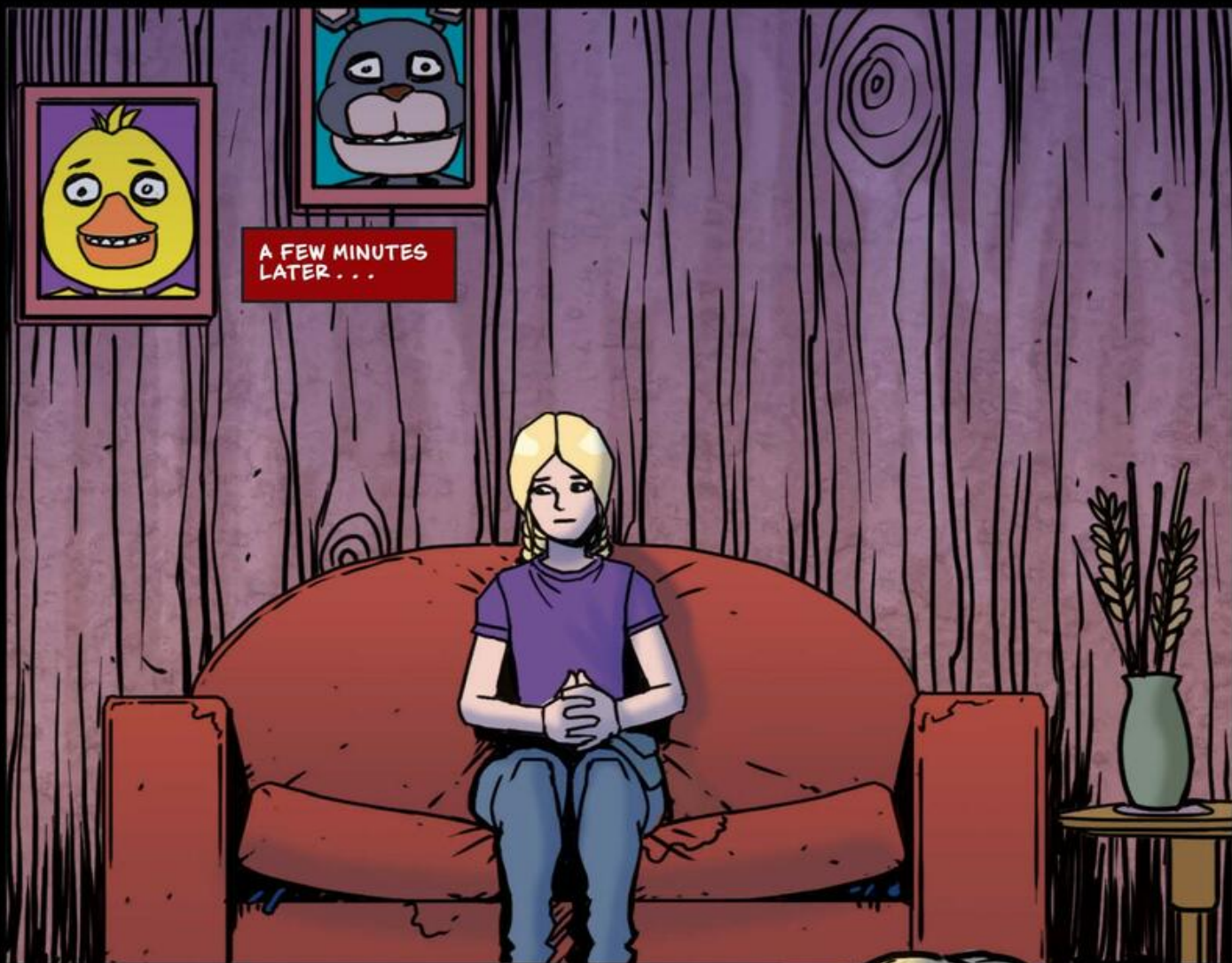
EACH DOOR HAS A ONE-WAY
MIRROR WINDOW, SO THE HIDER
CAN LOOK OUT, AND THE SEEKER
CAN'T PEEK INSIDE . . .

ONCE THE DOORS ARE
SHUT, THE GAME TELLS
PLAYER ONE TO START
LOOKING, AND THEY CAN
ENTER THE MAZE.









A FEW MINUTES
LATER...



PLAYER TWO
HAS CHOSEN
A HIDING SPOT!
PLAYER ONE,
FIND PLAYER
TWO!



AS GOOD A PLACE TO
START AS ANY . . .



BEEP



SHUUSH

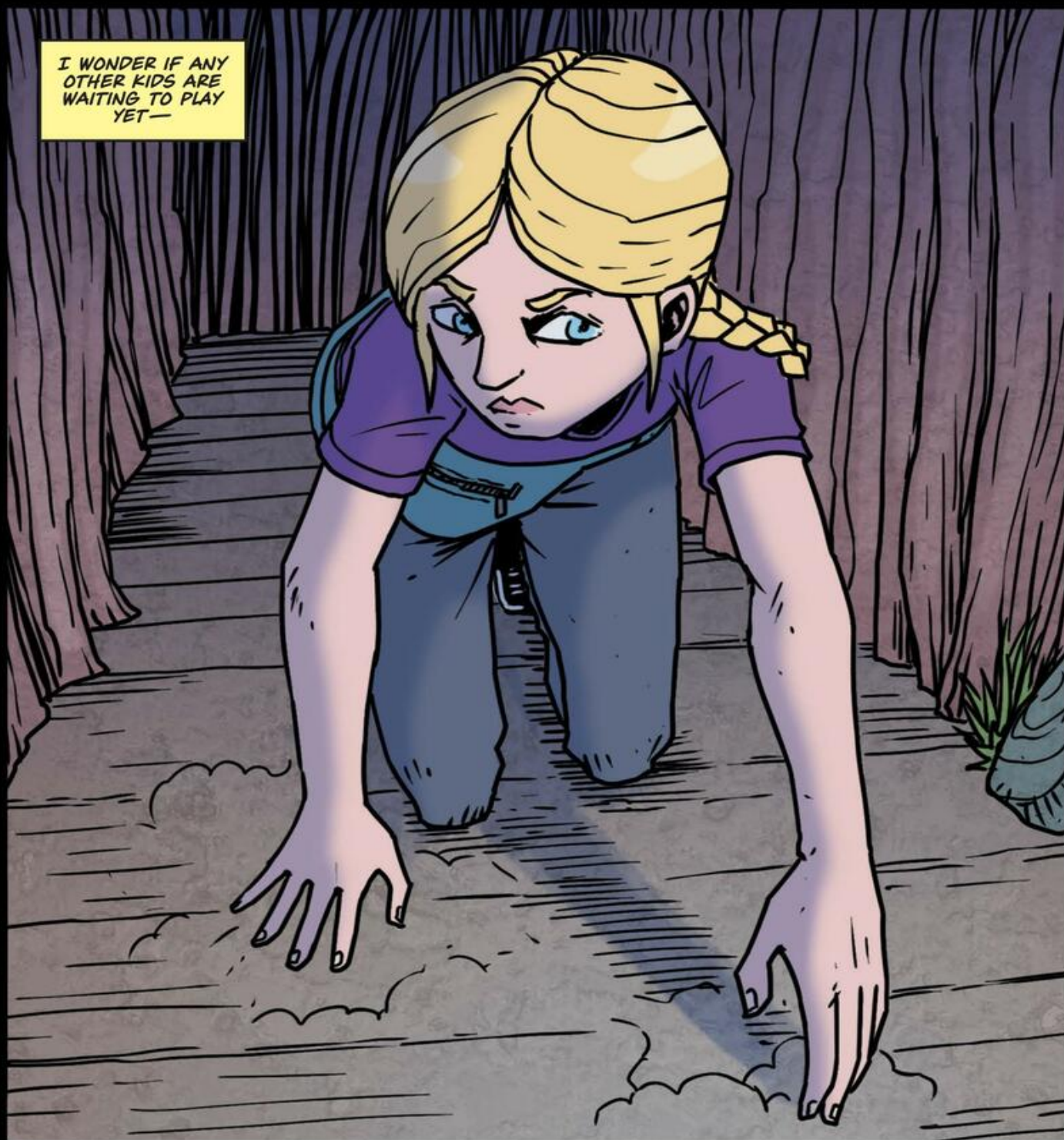


DANG
IT!

MARY JO PROBABLY WENT ALL
THE WAY INTO THE FARTHEST
ENDS OF THE MAZE. TO GET
THERE I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK
TO THE MAIN BRANCH.



I WONDER IF ANY
OTHER KIDS ARE
WAITING TO PLAY
YET—



THAT
MAN!







THERE'S AN EXIT ON
THE OTHER END OF
THE MAIN BRANCH.

I'M DONE PLAYING.
FORGET FINDING
MARY JO. I JUST
NEED TO GET OUT.













TEN YEARS LATER . . .





ARE YOU
OKAY?

IT WAS
THAT
DREAM
AGAIN.

YOUR OLD
FRIEND...

LD-FI



WHAT WOULD
SHE BE LIKE IF
SHE WAS STILL
ALIVE?

OH,
AIMEE...

FOR A LONG TIME AFTER
SHE DISAPPEARED, I WAS
CONVINCED IT WAS BECAUSE
SHE WAS JUST MAD AT
ME FOR LEAVING HER
BEHIND.

SHE ALWAYS CARRIED
THIS BACKPACK STUFFED
WITH EVERYTHING SHE
OWNED. I THOUGHT SHE
WAS PREPARED TO RUN
AT ANY TIME... SO
THAT'S WHAT
SHE DID.



BUT AS
I'VE GOTTEN
OLDER, I'M
LESS AND LESS
SURE...





THE GIRL THAT TUCKER WAS CAUGHT WITH WASN'T MARY JO, BUT ...

... WHO KNOWS HOW MANY OTHER KIDS HE TOOK AND GOT AWAY WITH BEFORE HE WAS CAUGHT?



FREDDY'S CLOSED EARLY THAT DAY, AND THEN NEVER OPENED AGAIN. ALL AT ONCE IT WAS LIKE EVERYONE'S EYES OPENED TO JUST HOW DANGEROUS THAT PLACE REALLY WAS.

PARENTS LEFT CHILDREN UNATTENDED ALL THE TIME! THERE WERE SO MANY PLACES WITHOUT ANY KIND OF ADULT SUPERVISION.

IT WAS PRACTICALLY A KIDNAPPER'S PARADISE.



YOU NEED TO FORGIVE YOURSELF.

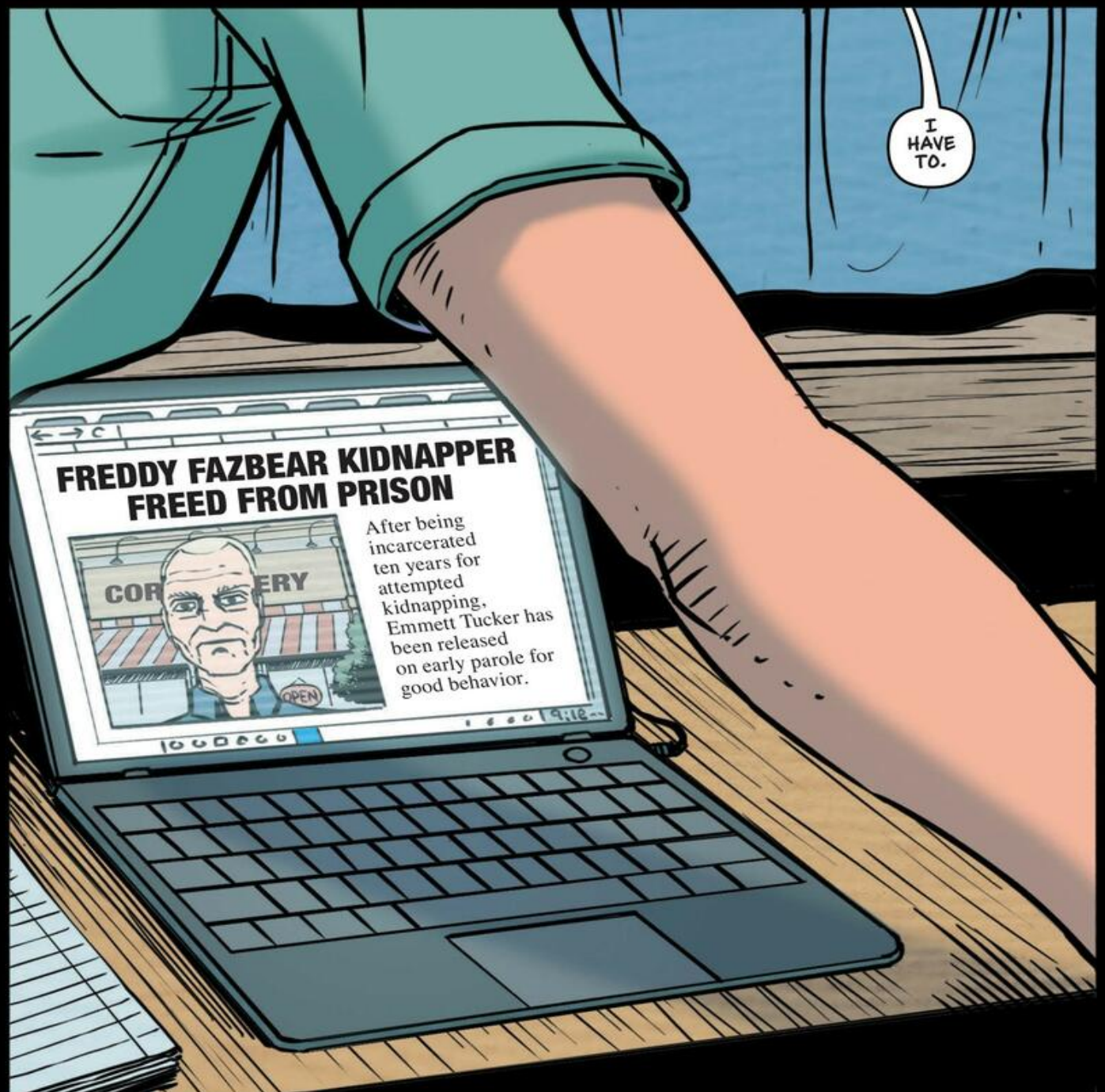


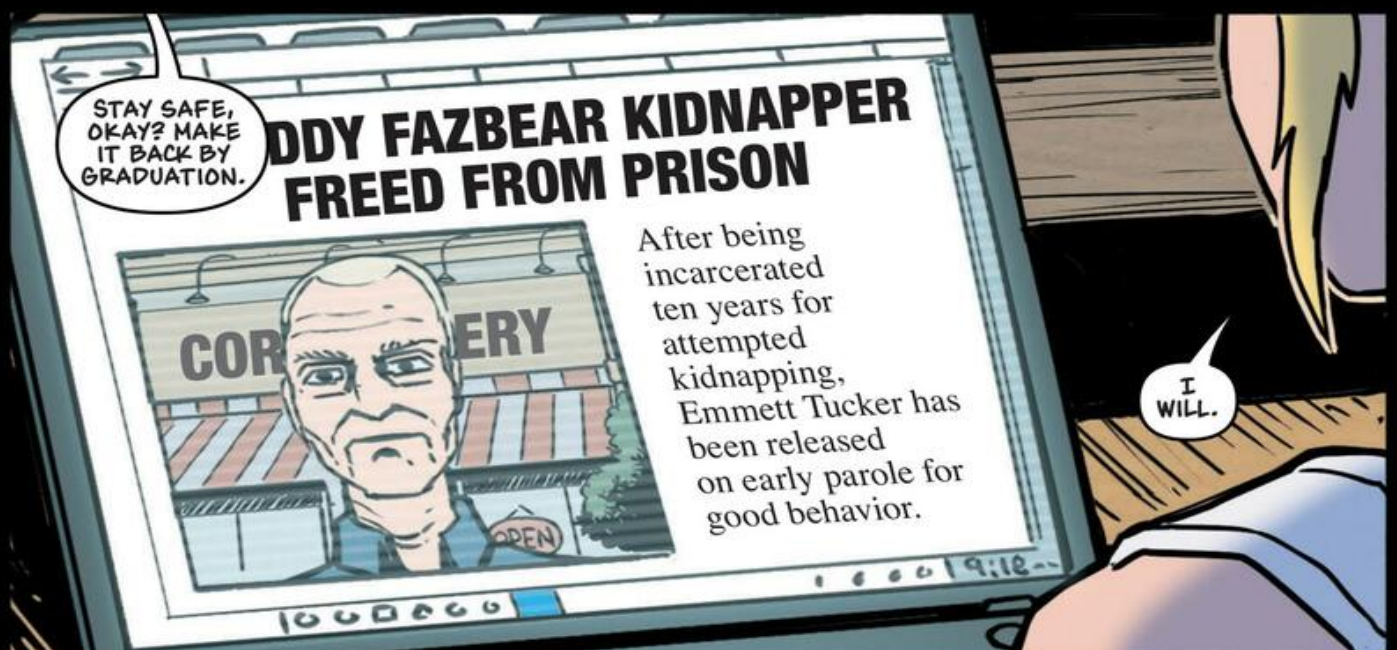
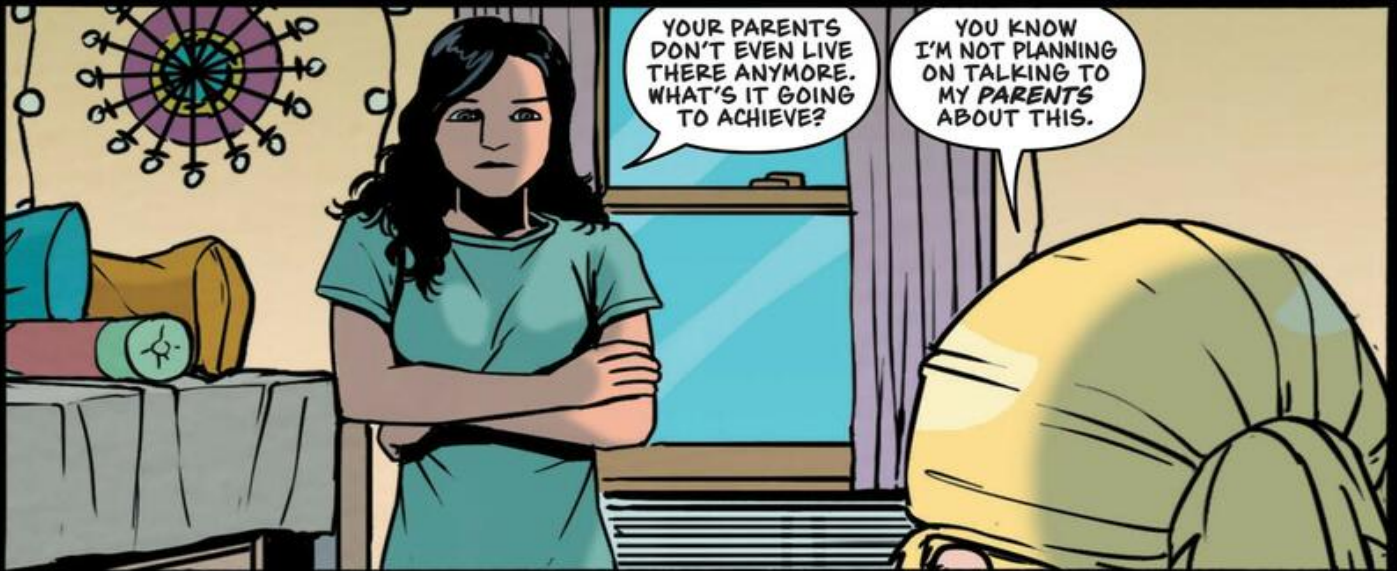
IF THAT MAN KIDNAPPED MARY JO—

IF HE DID IT ...



... THEN IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT. IT WAS HIS.









BE STRONG, AIMEE,
YOU CAN DO THIS.

HE CAME HERE ONCE.
HE PROBABLY COMES
IN ALL THE TIME.



JUST LET HIM
COME TO YOU.

HE CAN'T
HURT YOU
NOW.



HE TOOK
LITTLE KIDS,
NOT ADULTS.

I BET HE'S A COWARD. NO IDEA
WHAT TO DO WITH SOMEONE WHO
WOULD FIGHT BACK . . .

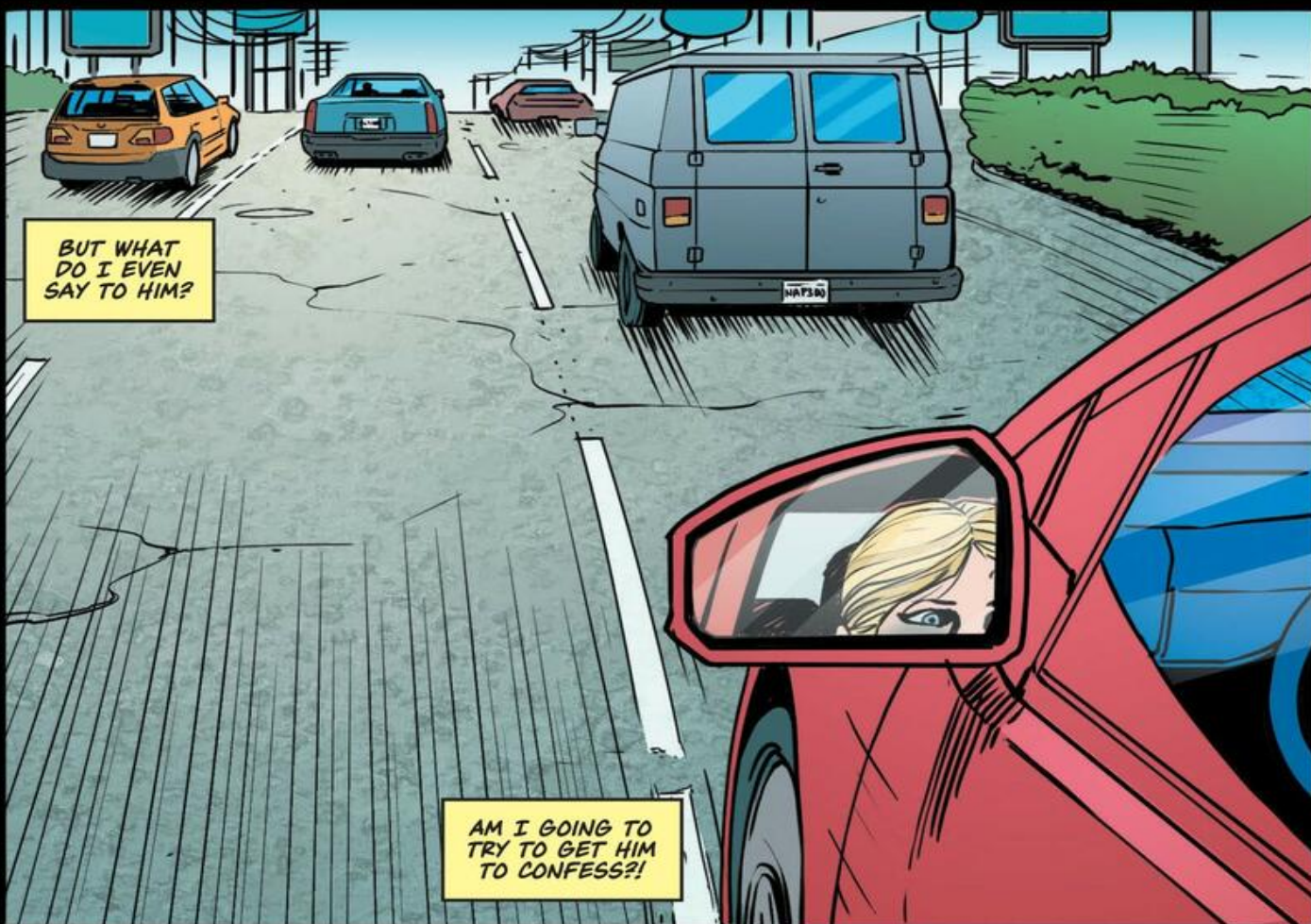


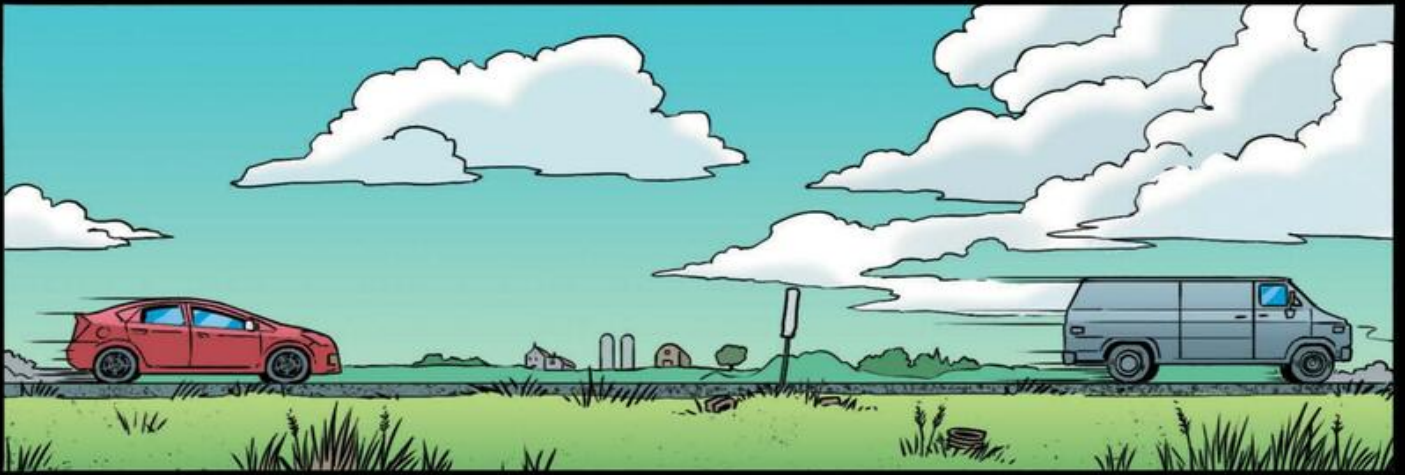
IF HE
ACTUALLY
SHOWS UP.

MAYBE I NEED TO TRY
SOMETHING ELSE . . .

















I REMEMBER YOU.

YOU AND THAT GIRL EVERYONE THOUGHT I TOOK WERE IN FREDDY'S THAT DAY.



YOU WERE THE ONE I SAW IN THAT TUNNEL THING WHEN I WAS LOOKIN' FOR MY DAUGHTER.



THAT'S WHY I WAS THERE THAT DAY.

I WAS LOOKIN' FOR JILLY, MY DAUGHTER.

SHE ALWAYS LIKED IT THERE.

AND WHERE DID YOU TAKE MY FRIEND?

POP

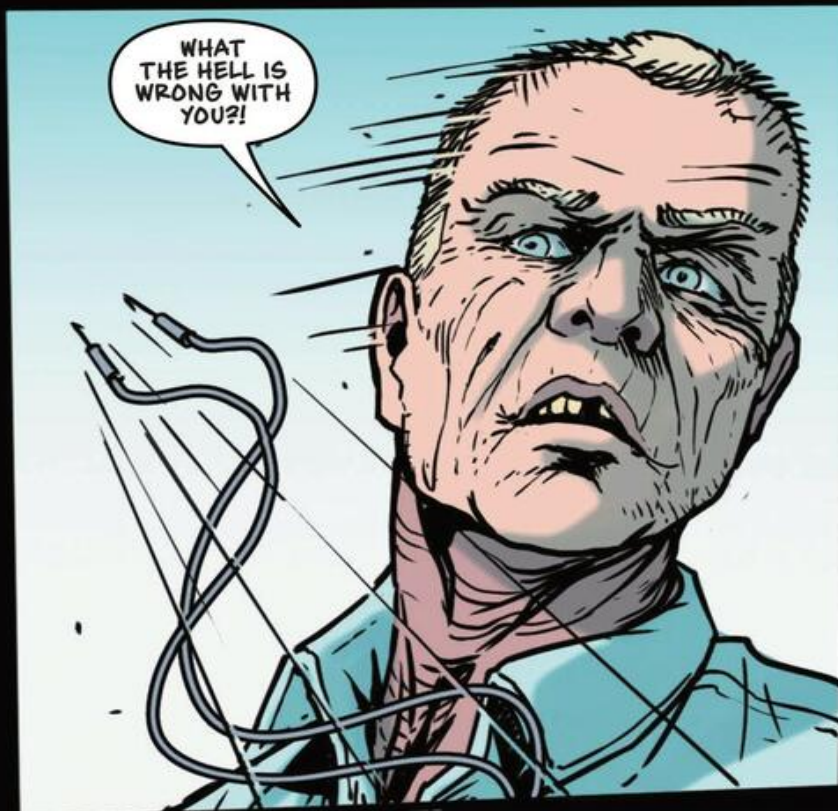


I NEVER TOOK ANY KID.

ALL'S I WAS TRYIN' TO DO WHEN I GOT ARRESTED WAS GET MY OWN KID BACK FROM THAT LYIN' TRAMP I MARRIED.









YEAH, I WANNA REPORT
AN ASSAULT! AND, UH,
TRESPASSIN'!

IT WAS
SELF-
DEFENSE!

KIND
OF.

LOCKED.

CLACK
CLACK

I CAN'T LET THE POLICE
GET INVOLVED WITH THIS.









SOME SORT OF TEARFUL CONFESSION WHERE TUCKER ADMITTED TO TAKING MARY JO? HE'D BEG FOR MERCY WHILE GIVING ME A BIG OLD "IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT, AIMEE," SPEECH?



WHAT IF HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH?

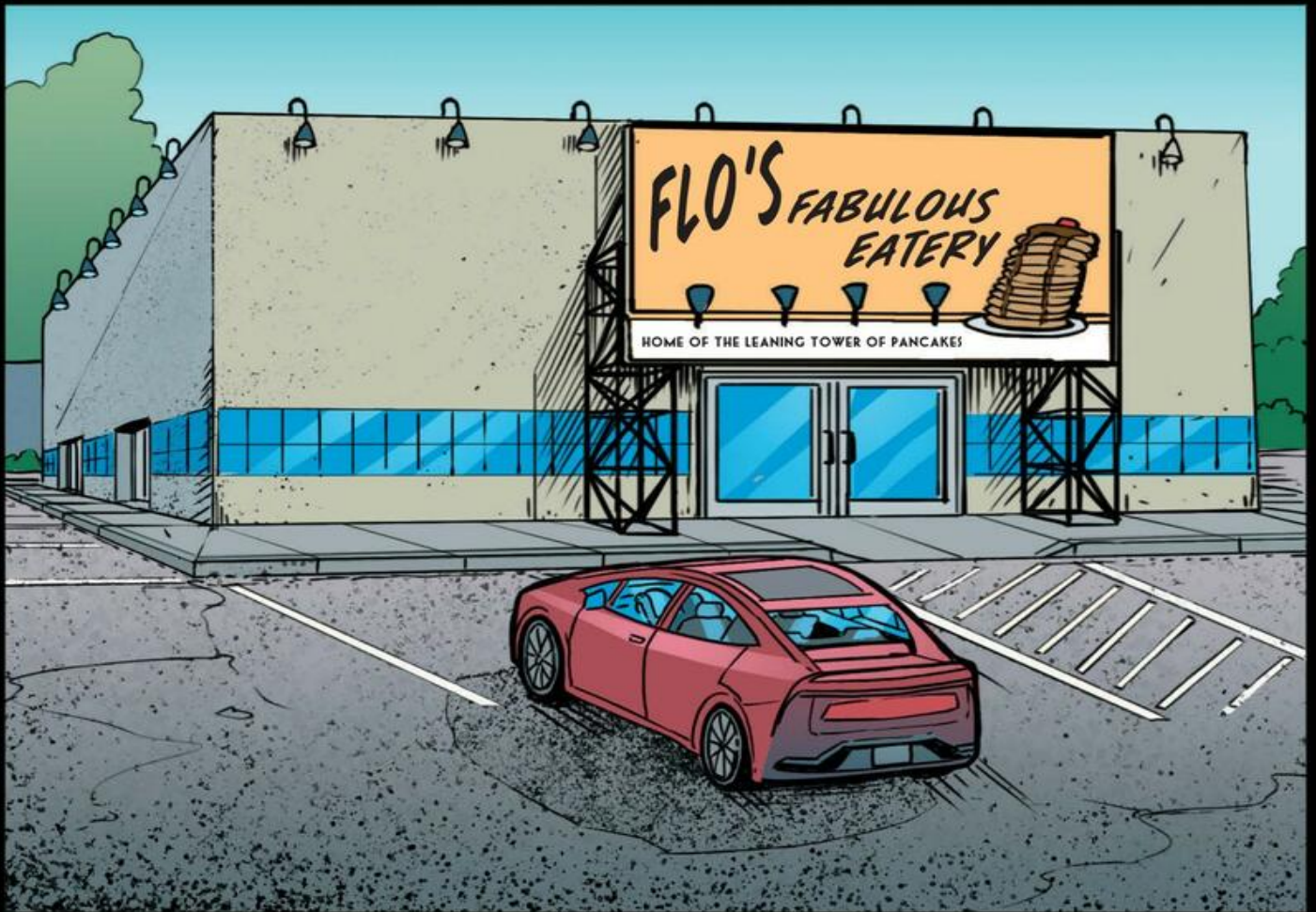
CUSTODY BATTLES LEADING TO KIDNAPPINGS AREN'T UNCOMMON, AND CONSIDERING TUCKER WASN'T ACTUALLY CONVICTED OF KIDNAPPING ANY OTHER CHILDREN . . .



IT ONLY RAISES MORE QUESTIONS. BUT THERE'S JUST ONE OTHER PLACE I CAN THINK TO GO RIGHT NOW.

FREDDY'S.







WELCOME TO FLO'S FABULOUS EATERY! HAVE YOU CHOWED DOWN WITH US BEFORE?

HOWDY!



THE AIR HOCKEY TABLES WERE OVER THERE.

OR WAS IT THE PINBALL MACHINES?

I'VE BEEN HERE...

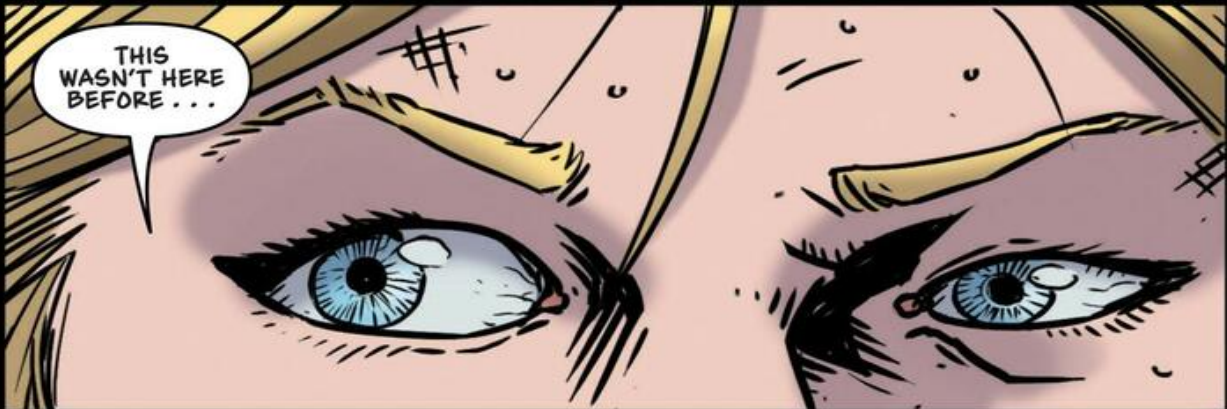
A LONG TIME AGO...



WELL, THEN, WELCOME BACK!

YOU TAKE A LOOK AT THE MENU, AND A WAITER WILL BE BY IN TWO SHAKES.



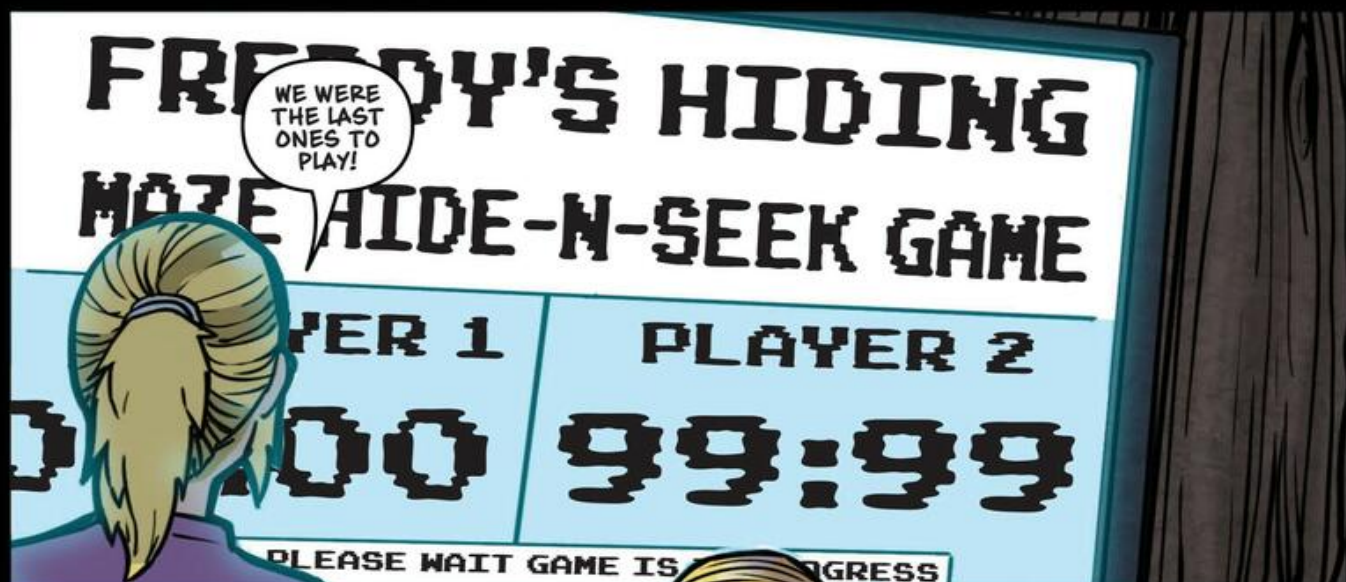
















I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHAT I'M
LOOKING FOR. IF
TUCKER HAD
NOTHING TO DO
WITH MARY JO . . .

. . . MAYBE SHE LEFT
SOME SORT OF MESSAGE
FOR ME! SOME CLUE AS
TO WHERE SHE WENT!



¡AH-
CHOO!é



I'D BE WORRIED ABOUT SOMEONE
FINDING ME, BUT THIS PLACE IS JUST
AS SOUNDPROOF AS WHEN I WAS A KID.

NOBODY IN THE RESTAURANT'S
GOING TO COME IN HERE.

EVEN IF TUCKER CAN TELL THE
COPS WHAT MY CAR LOOKS LIKE,
THEY'LL NEVER LOOK IN THIS MAZE.



HUH?



SOMETHING SHINY IN
THAT CUBBY . . .



COULD IT BE WHAT
MARY JO LEFT FOR
ME TO FIND?















